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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK AND FREE TRADE AREA

THE Colonial Secretary's statement on Hongkong's position in relation to the proposed European Free Trade Area was, at first sight, in contradiction with the announcement made by the Prime Minister last July.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd, in the House of Commons on Thursday, in reply to a question put by Mr. William Teeling, a recent Conservative visitor to the Colony, said that Hongkong as an industrial producer would stand to gain by its inclusion in the scheme.

But he added that it is not practicable to deal with Hongkong's case in isolation from that of other territories.

Discussed

INDEED he went further by referring his questioner to the Prime Minister's reply on the subject last July.

Mr. Macmillan is quoted as saying: "As regards the proposed Free Trade Area, these questions have been discussed with representatives of colonial governments and the general view seems to be in favour of excluding colonial territories."

It can therefore be concluded that while Mr. Lennox-Boyd realises the benefit which the Colony would derive from inclusion in the Free Trade Area no hope can be held out for such an eventuality.

Look Elsewhere

IF this indeed be the case and the interpretation is correct, Hongkong's present European markets might well be affected and the necessity to look elsewhere again manifests itself and the best place to look is within the Commonwealth.

The Commonwealth trade and economic conference which is to take place later this year should provide a good opportunity to put the Colony's case forward for earnest consideration.

The preparatory talks to plan the agenda are to be held in London in less than two weeks and it is to be hoped that the Colonial Office representatives make sufficiently strong plans on Hongkong's behalf.

AXE FALLS AGAIN IN CHINA

Alleged Plots To Overthrow The Regime

Tokyo, Feb. 1.

China announced today the dismissal of 10 high ranking officials charged with anti-Communist activities and plotting to overthrow the present Peking regime.

The announcement, made by the official New China News Agency, followed an earlier report that three officials of ministerial status had been ordered removed by Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

The three officials were Chang Po-chun, former Minister of Communications, Lo Lung-chi, former Minister of the Timber Industry, and Chang Nai-chi, a high Food Ministry official.

Mao's order followed a decision reached at a meeting on Friday of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, which ended preparation for the plenary session of the Congress opening today.

Approval

The decision for the three Ministers' removal was based on a proposal by Premier Chou En-lai and approved by the State Council.

The officials were also removed from their "leading positions in China's various democratic parties," the announcement said.

Other dismissed included Lung Yun, Vice-Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang; Chen Ming-chu and Huang Shao-hung, both members of the same committee; and Huang Chi-shiang, Vice-Chairman of the Central Committee of the Peasants and Workers Democratic (Communist) Party.

Also, Chu An-ping, member of the Central Committee; Hsieh Hsien-hung, Chairman of the Taiwan Self Government League; and Lin Han-la, Vice-Chairman of the Central Committee of the China Association for Promoting Democracy.

No Reason

The news agency gave no reason for the dismissals of the officials, whom it described as a "number of rightists."

However, observers here believed they were being punished for outspoken criticism of the regime following Mao's call last February for free expression of thought. — United Press.

SETBACK FOR PA PARTY

Singapore, Feb. 1.

The far left People's Action Party — victors in Singapore's City Council elections in December — suffered their first defeat in the Council tonight.

A resolution regarding contracts granted the Council's European officers by the old Council, was amended with the words "provided a new scheme be completed within four months."

A further amendment by the Mayor, Mr. Ong Eng Guan, replacing the word "provided" with "and" was defeated.

The People's Action Party, who have 13 members in the 22-man Council, owed their setback largely to another leftist group, the five-strong Workers' Party, which allied itself with the Liberal Socialists (Conservatives) and Labour Front (Moderates). — Reuter.

Aden Forces Silence Yemenis

Aden, Jan. 31.

Some 500 Yemen troops today attacked Aden Protectorate forces along the Aden-Yemen border under cover of a barrage from three Yemen artillery positions in the area.

No casualties were reported among the Aden Protectorate forces and Yemen casualties were not known, it added. — France-Press.

Foot Hopes To Restore Lost Ground

Nicosia, Jan. 31.

Cyprus Governor Sir Hugh Foot said today he hopes to meet with Turkish Cypriot leaders as soon as possible to restore ground apparently lost in recent days on the road to a settlement for this troubled island.

Sir Hugh took over as Cyprus Governor early last month as the replacement for former Governor Field Marshal Sir John Harding.

Relations between the Government and the Greek Cypriot nationalists appeared improved almost immediately. But this may have been at the expense of relations with the Turkish Cypriot population.

Formosa's Road Toll: 400

Taipei, Jan. 31.

A total of 400 persons were killed in traffic accidents in Formosa in 1957.

Official statistics released today showed 3,027 others were also injured in 3,029 traffic accidents last year.

During the previous year, 2,701 traffic accidents killed 382 and caused 2,911 injuries.

The Safety Committee of the provincial government planned the sharp increase of motorized vehicles for the mounting rate of traffic mishaps. — United Press.

LATEST RAIL CRASH RAISES STORM IN UK

London, Jan. 31.

Britain's State-owned railroad network promised tonight to modernise its signalling system as public feeling mounted over the second serious rail disaster in eight weeks.

VICTIMS NAMED

London, Jan. 31.

British Railways today named the 10 victims killed in last night's train crash at Dagenham, East London.

They were: Mr. James A. Taylor of Marguerite Drive, Pinner; J. J. White of Worthing Road, Landon; Mr. A. Lucas of Albert Road, South Bendish; Mr. H. E. Mears, of Topham Road, Landon; J. Theobald, Sunnyside Gardens, Landon; W. J. Sandford, Sycamore Avenue, Upminster; Miss Fay Dillies, of Hildeswood Park Drive, Langdon Hills, Landon; Mrs. Marjorie Frain, Danbury Down, Basildon; Mr. Patricia Feilding, Langford Crescent, Thurston; and Mrs. Doris Barkway, of Chester Avenue, Cranham. — Reuter.

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Ten persons were killed and 87 injured last night when two packed commuter trains crashed near Dagenham, in the eastern outskirts of London.

Eight weeks ago, 88 persons were killed in another train crash at Lewisham—also in fog.

Deeply Concerned

As newspapers screamed "10 died, 87 hurt—and why did it happen?" J. W. Watkins, chairman of the railway sub-committee of the British Transport Commission, told a packed press conference:

"I am deeply concerned over the accident which took place on 31st January, when there was not a single fatality."

"I can assure you that the Commission have looked at this unfortunate change in our accident rate with a real degree of urgency," he said.

★ 1. The locomotive involved in the Dagenham crash was equipped with a modern system of automatic control, and the system was in working order, fully tested, before it set out. He declined to speculate what went wrong "as the matter is still under investigation."

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★ 3. The British railway system is the most intensively used in the world, running 23,000 passenger trains a day, and carrying over two billion passengers a year—double the number carried on Class One roads in the United States.

★ 4. The risk of death on British passenger trains during the past 10 years is about one in 24 million journeys. — United Press.

Selwyn Lloyd Impresses Turks

Ankara, Jan. 31.

British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd flew home today after attending the Bagdad Pact meetings here and discussing the Cyprus problem with Turkish leaders.

Before leaving Lloyd had a final one-hour conference with Turkish Premier Adnan Menderes and the Turkish Foreign Minister.

Turkish official circles said Lloyd's talks here "left a good impression."

Members of both parties in the Turkish Parliament observed a three minutes silence today in memory of the seven Turkish Cypriots who died in the rioting last week.

Police rounded up and questioned a group of students who tried to demonstrate outside the Parliament building carrying placards reading "Cyprus is Turkish." — United Press.

'SUMMIT' TALKS

Khrushchev Agreeable To Time Change

London, Feb. 1.

The Russian Communist Party First Secretary, Nikita Khrushchev, said today the Soviet Union would agree to postpone a "summit" meeting if the time first suggested proved too soon.

In an interview with the London Times, Mr. Khrushchev said if the original proposal for a meeting of the leaders of East and West was not possible "within the next two or three months" it could be postponed.

The Times said Mr. Khrushchev explained that all he had wanted when first suggesting the earliest possible date was not to be like employers in the old days when he had been a fitter on special machinery for sorting coal.

PAY DAY

"Pay day used to be put off and off, although there was a notice which said 'pay day at the end of the month'—without saying which month or which year."

"They wanted a meeting as soon as it could be agreed upon," The Times said.

Mr. Khrushchev said he still disliked the idea of having a preliminary Foreign Ministers' meeting because "some of the Foreign Ministers were like midwives who were not interested in the birth of the child." — United Press.

BOMBERS COLLIDE

San Francisco, Jan. 31.

A B-26 attack bomber crashed 15 miles east of Barstow, California, today after colliding with a second bomber in a flight of five.

All four crew members of the twin-engine World War II bomber were believed killed in the crash, according to the Barstow sub-station of the San Bernardino County Sheriff's office.

The second plane, slightly damaged in the collision over the rugged granite mountain area, landed safely at George Air Force Base, some 100 miles southwest of the collision. — United Press.

'Wife Lied About Age'

Valencia, Jan. 31.

Andra Achante, 24-year-old factory worker told the court today that he pushed his pregnant wife into the river because she lied about her age at the time he married her.

"I did it to get rid of an annoyance," he said. "You understand, Your Honor, she was 10 years older than I am." — United Press.

Russians May Have Fired An ICBM

Washington, Jan. 31.

United States intelligence agencies received today reports of unknown reliability that the Soviet Union has fired an intercontinental ballistic missile.

The report paralleled another that the Russians were preparing to fire an ICBM but had not done so yet.

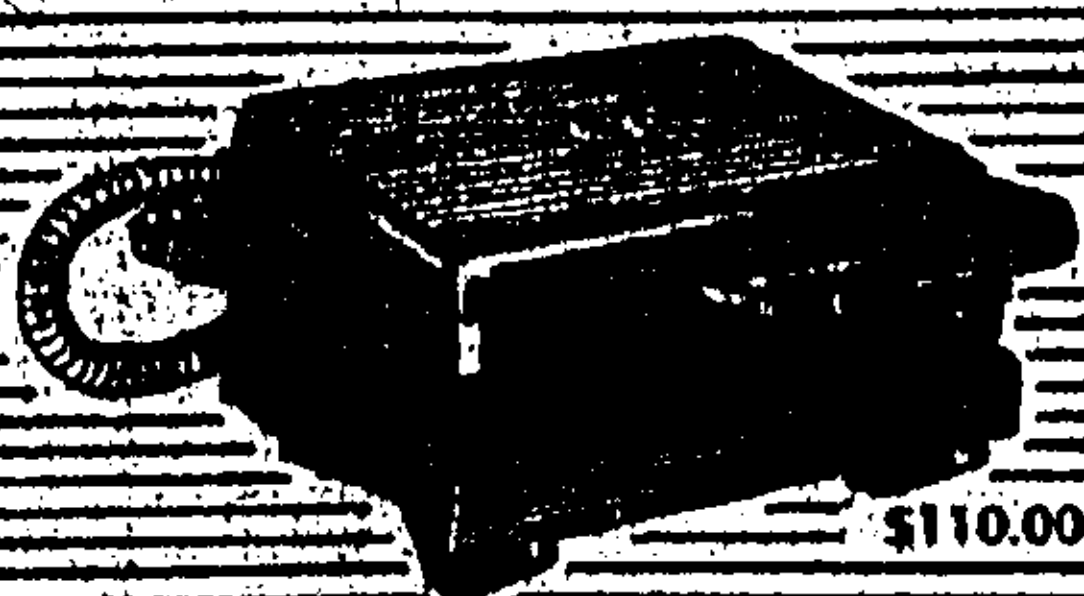
Informants confirmed that both reports have been received here through official channels. But they emphasized the Government so far has no confirmation that the missile was fired.

There was some speculation here that the Russians were preparing to launch their third satellite, possibly one ton in weight.

According to one report, the Soviet preparations include a "very long count-down," an indication that the Russians were working with a large and complicated missile.

Another source said the missile may have been fired yesterday. — United Press.

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★ NO OILS — NO BUTTER — NO GREASE — NO FUMES — NO SMOKE

★ INSTANT — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING

★ GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING

★ GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING — GRILLING

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Where Did The Italian Coins Go To?

The Swiss Bought Them — TO MAKE BUTTONS!

Rome. ITALY has started minting her first postwar silver coin, and authorities hope it will circulate more smoothly than its steel and bronze predecessors did.

Strange things have kept happening to the little coins which slowly replaced dirty tattered paper notes at the end of the war. The State mint turned them out in terrific quantities. On top of each other they would make a pile twice as high as the altitude of the Alps. Yet they stayed in the citizens' pockets and never came back to the banks.

Disappeared

It was not a matter of hoarding, which would be poor business. The new silver coin is worth only half its face value of 500 lire (50 cents), and the earlier small denomination coins were practically worthless.

So Italian Government authorities were surprised to find when the first large, very light five and 10 lire nickel coins disappeared mysteriously weeks after they were issued in 1940.

Swiss manufacturers had bought them up by the car-loads because they were the ideal size and weight to make bases for cloth covered buttons. Made wise by the experience, the Italian treasury withdrew the coins some time later, and starting in 1951, turned out new money of a smaller size that would not be attractive to button manufacturers.

Hated Counting

That caused—and still does cause—considerable trouble whenever a large amount of money in small denominations is to be paid. The bank often just doesn't have the change available.

It was not long before Government experts found out the answer to the problem—but not its solution.

Shopkeepers who got the small coins by the thousands from customers hated counting them and arranging them into piles for depositing in the banks, and kept them as change. Treasury Minister Giuseppe Medici hopes the situation can

be somewhat improved by special coin-counting machines already installed in some Treasury offices and in a few banks. The machines separate coins of different denominations, count them, arrange them in piles of 50 or 100 wrap them up neatly and print the amount on the wrapping. One such machine can make five piles in a minute. If and when the machines can be installed in all banks and placed at the disposal of depositors, Medici hopes more people will deposit their small coins.

Complaints

Yet another fact that appeared strange was the public's periodic complaints that there were too many coins of a given denomination around. The experts found the answer to that too. The complaints came every time the State issued a coin of a higher denomination. Citizens found it was more practical to carry in their pockets a small number of large than a large number of small coins. So they complained the

small coins were too many. After a few months the complaints always subsided.

The new silver coin, whose first specimen was minted on December 8 is to be placed in circulation as soon as it is available in sufficient quantities, probably early next year. It was part of a Government drive to increase the public's confidence in the Italian Lira, at present one of Europe's most stable currencies.

Finely designed the new coin shows a woman's face from a Renaissance painting, symbolizing Italy, surrounded by the coats of arms of all main Italian cities—an elaborate design which would be hard for counterfeiters to imitate. The other side of the coin shows three sailships, a symbol of human courage.

Its issue comes on top of 1,850,000,000 pieces of the smaller denominations ranging from one to 10 Lire and 350,000,000 of the

50 lire and 100 lire denominations. All are in various light steel alloys called Agental (Agental, monometallic, Italian—Italian monetary steel), except the still rare 20 lire coin which is in a bright yellow bronze alloy (Brazzital).

Placed on top of each other, they would make a pile of more than 1,865 miles, or double the altitude of the Sputnik—or 6,500 times the Empire State Building, or 350 times Mt Everest, as you choose.

But the coins are so light that the entire huge pile would weigh little over 2,000 tons. And two denominations—one and two lire—are so small that even the red tape-loving Italian State has officially decided to ignore them in payments from and to citizens and regularly adjust the figure to the nearest five lire.—United Press.

—By ERNEST SAKER

The Luxury Disease—Coronary Thrombosis

London.

Do you own a car? Have you got a television set? Is your mid-afternoon snack quietly frosting in a gleaming refrigerator?

If you own all these things, the chances are you're a likely candidate for the "luxury disease"—coronary thrombosis.

This is the preliminary conclusion of a British physician, Dr. John Clyde, investigating the relationship between heart disease, diet and "luxury living."

Writing in "The Family Doctor" Clyde reports there is only one "exact parallel" for the upward swing of coronary deaths between 1923 and 1944—the number of radio and television licences.

There is also a "pretty good relationship" between the disease, increased and the number of motor cars.

Less Exercise

Clyde adds, "More coronary thrombosis is associated with the better-off classes in this country now, and in general the improved standard of living here in the last 23 years."

"But it is, of course, not good enough just to say 'high living standards' because, how can, for example a refrigerator or radio or a motor car give you coronary thrombosis?"

"But wait. High living standards imply physical idleness..."

"If a man doesn't take much exercise his heart also has less work to do. There is no need, therefore, for such a good supply of coronary arteries. But that is not all. A sedentary person, one with a refrigerator, a motor car and a radio, or television set, is more likely to be overweight."

"That means the heart has more work to do."

Clyde says, "however, that doctors and researchers still have a long way to go before they can give us all the answers." —United Press.

Judge Decides Where Woman's Waistline Should Be

London.

A judge ruled where a woman's waistline should be last week.

Judge Geoffrey Howard, two lawyers, a tailor and the tailor's dissatisfied customer huddled in London county court over the issue in which the tailor sought to collect £40 for a dress and jacket he made.

The tailor, "Ernest of Mayfair," charged that the customer, Mrs. Ernestine Middleton-Trim, refused to pay because Ernest built her waistline in the wrong place.

Put On Weight

The tailor said it wasn't so. He argued that Mrs. Middleton-Trim had put on weight since he made the dress last April. While the judge watched closely, he measured his complaining customer and announced the figures had stretched from 35-20-40 to 40-30-40½ since he last worked on them.

Nonsense, said Mrs. Middleton-Trim. She got out her own tape measure and said it showed she measured the same as she did when she ordered the dress. After Mrs. Middleton-Trim changed into the troublesome dress in an ante-room Judge Howard got down from his bench to have a close look.

He stood around while expert witnesses discussed ways and means of letting the dress out without lowering the neckline.

His Decision

Then the judge pronounced his decision. He ruled for the tailor after saying gallantly: "Mrs. Middleton-Trim may mix in more exalted circles than I do, but if I went to a party and saw her wearing that dress I should say how exceedingly charming she looked."

But he ruled the dress and jacket were a little tight and the waistline wasn't quite in the right place.

Mrs. Middleton-Trim, was ordered to pay up the cost of alterations.—United Press.

MEMERE IS ARRESTED FOR 45TH TIME!

Paris. Weary Paris police said last week they've just arrested 74-year-old Lucile Blin, known to all the force as "Memere" (Little Mother) for the 45th time.

The offence: shoplifting. The arrest set a new French female record. Memere, whose previous sentence—if she'd ever pay any attention to them—last had her coming to Paris up to and including the year 2850, spends most of her out of goal time in nearby Saint-Ouen where she was born.

Then she gets the hankering to come to Paris. Usually wearing four dresses with innumerable pockets under a loose blowing black coat she heads for the biggest shops in town.

Pillow-cases

Police said she had an unpaid-for selection of pillow-cases under her coat when they caught her this time in a large Right Bank department store.

Memere's official police records run back just short of half a century to when she was 25 and so inexperienced that she forgot to remove the sales tags from a couple of undershirts she'd taken without paying for.

She laughs at it now as a "grave professional mistake." When police picked her up this time she asked them to put "florist" as her occupation. An honest, but short career as a sidewalk flower seller, still lives in her memory.—United Press.

Miners Squeeze Boss Out Of Parking Lot

Nottingham.

Two miners have all but squeezed their boss out of the company parking lot in this mining town.

Noel Smith, General Manager of the Nottingham Area of the East Midlands Coal Board, said he was delighted when one of his miners drove up to the pit in a Rolls-Royce and another in a sleek Buick—until he tried to squeeze his own small Ford into the company parking lot.

"Miners are earning good wages," he said. "And I am glad they are saving up to buy cars. But it is a job finding enough car parks for them." —United Press.

Lo Man. Farmer's wife Mrs. Gubins, held on suspicion of slaying her 10-year-old brother, maintained that "savage demons" killed him. Police said: this thucky Mrs. Gubins forced her brother, Marcel Viole, to eat cattle suit to "drive away demons." He choked to death.—United Press.

GHOSTS STAMPEDE POLICEMEN Marching Chairs

Benha, First-Lieutenant Sinout Hanna Barsoum, police officer at Benha, in Lower Egypt, was advised to visit a medium after reporting to his own police station that "ghosts" had raided his flat.

He described the raid like this:

"It must have been 3 a.m., he told his station, 'when I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, followed by the sound of furniture being moved about in my flat. Suddenly, I saw one of the chairs rising and floating about, some six feet above the floor....'

"I switched on my bedside lamp and everything returned to

normal. Then, while I was lighting a cigarette I saw the four chairs in the room gliding across the floor in file....'

"I threw my cigarette away in terror and it landed on one of the marching chairs, which immediately floated to the ceiling, and having reached it crashed back to the floor."

"There must be demons in this house," I cried out in fear, 'once one of the chairs flew in my face and hit me. So I went away and spent the night with my neighbour.'"

On the following afternoon, he visited his flat, changed his clothes and sat down to relax. Once more pandemonium started.

This time the cupboard and the bed joined in the infernal dance about the room. Stending himself, he carried his bedroom furniture into another room.

"I was greatly startled and surprised when I returned at night.... for the bedroom furniture was back in the bedroom which I had vacated," Lieutenant Barsoum continued.

Unable to bear the situation any longer, the Lieutenant walked

back to his own station and lodged a complaint with the Benha Police Deputy Commander, Major Mohamed Rind, who led an investigating party to the officer's flat.

The door was unlocked and the police party walked in.... The infernal dance had not yet ended. The police representative had the doors of the cupboard removed to examine them and the doors were placed against the wall. But the doors flew back to the cupboard and banged shut. The police party rushed from the flat in panic.

The Deputy-Commandant advised his subaltern to seek the services of a medium. — China Mail Special.

14,000 Right Answers, But No Prizes

Helsinki.

An advertising campaign that the courts ruled illegal left a tobacco firm wondering what to do with 14,000 right answers.

Helsinki district court decided that the Amer-Tupakka (American-Tobacco) Company—a Finnish concern despite its name—was guilty of unfair competition in organizing a contest with a car and round-the-world trip as prizes.

Can't Award

But—the Company cannot award the prizes. Amer-Tupakka organized the contest last autumn to promote sales of a new cigarette. Contestants were asked to tell how many times the word "million" appeared on a cigarette package. Of 121,000 contestants, 14,000 got the right answer.

Other tobacco firms filed a charge of "unfair competition" against Amer-Tupakka.

The prizes, they alleged, were out of all proportion to the contest stakes. All a contestant had to do was find an old package and start counting. He didn't even need to buy the package himself.

"We don't know what we are going to do now," said Martti Santala, the firm's advertising chief.

Good Publicity

"The court said we couldn't award the prizes to two of the 14,000 winners. Maybe we will know what we can give them in a few weeks."

But Santala wasn't unhappy. "It's been good publicity for both the contest and the court case."

But the case served a warning to other would-be contest arrangers here:

"You can't give away a car and a round-the-world ticket in just any kind of contest. The prizes must be 'in proportion' to the contest stakes.—United Press.

Chocolate Bars With Red Ants Is Latest Craze

Tokyo. The red ant, the little fellow with the formidable bite and a liking for the sweets in the camper's larder, has ended up in bars of American chocolate and sandwich spreads.

No one here seems to know why the Americans want to eat ants.

According to the Alpine Food Company of Tokyo, it has sent 3,500 one-plate cans of toasted, dried and salted ants to the United States in the past three months.

Bars of chocolate containing about 20 red ants apiece, being exported under the trade name "Chocorin". One bar of "Chocorin" sells in the United States for 50 cents and a tin containing 18 bars is sold for \$9 according to a spokesman for the Company.

Ant Rush

The Izumi Tourists Company in central Japan buys the ants for about 400 yen (\$1.10) per pound and resells them to the Tokyo processor.

Japanese farmers and their families living on the Tokushima and Izumi plains along the base of Japan's central mountain range are neglecting their farms to join in the "ant rush."

The collectors, working independently, with a fine mesh net and a pail of water, bring in, on an average, one and a half pounds of ants a day. By mobilising every member of the family a farmer can make up to 3,000 yen (\$8.50) a day—more than three times the usual daily wage.

At the height of the "ant rush," there were more than 800 regular collectors.

It asked what the ants are used for the collectors usually

Science To Aid Tobermory Treasure Hunt

Edinburgh.

THE Duke of Argyll is planning a ingenious new way of trying to find the treasure, reputed to be in the wreck of the Spanish galleon which lies off Tobermory.

He wants to use a specially adapted magnetometer—an electronic device for measuring the earth's magnetic field. It can also tell if there is any hidden metal around, such as silver or old cannon.

Magnetometer

The metal upsets the magnetic field and any variations are instantly picked up by the magnetometer.

Tests are soon to be made to see if the instrument can be used under water. Seawater kills its effectiveness, but scientists will try to overcome this by waterproofing one for the Duke.

Mud And Sand

It is hoped that the new method will overcome the big obstacle which has thwarted previous attempts to find the treasure. This is the mass of mud and sand which covers the wreck.

An official of a London firm assisting in the search says that the new attempt is expected to begin in May.

Little has been done to find the treasure since two years ago. Many thousands of pounds have already been spent and little has been brought up.—Argyll Service.

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MONTRES ET BIJOUX EXHIBITION.
GENEVA SWITZERLAND.

the world's foremost jewellery exhibition.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Gloria Swanson (right above), unknown sister of film actress Maureen arrives from South Africa to find her own fortune in London.



Came the message from Juno Bissmire's mother: "George has given up his priesthood. He is a fine and good man. It would make your father and me very happy if you would accept him." That was the end of a turbulent romance in which Protestant Juno avoided the Roman Catholic Parish Priest whom she loved. This week they both began new jobs. He—teaching. She—modelling at a Bond Street fashion house.

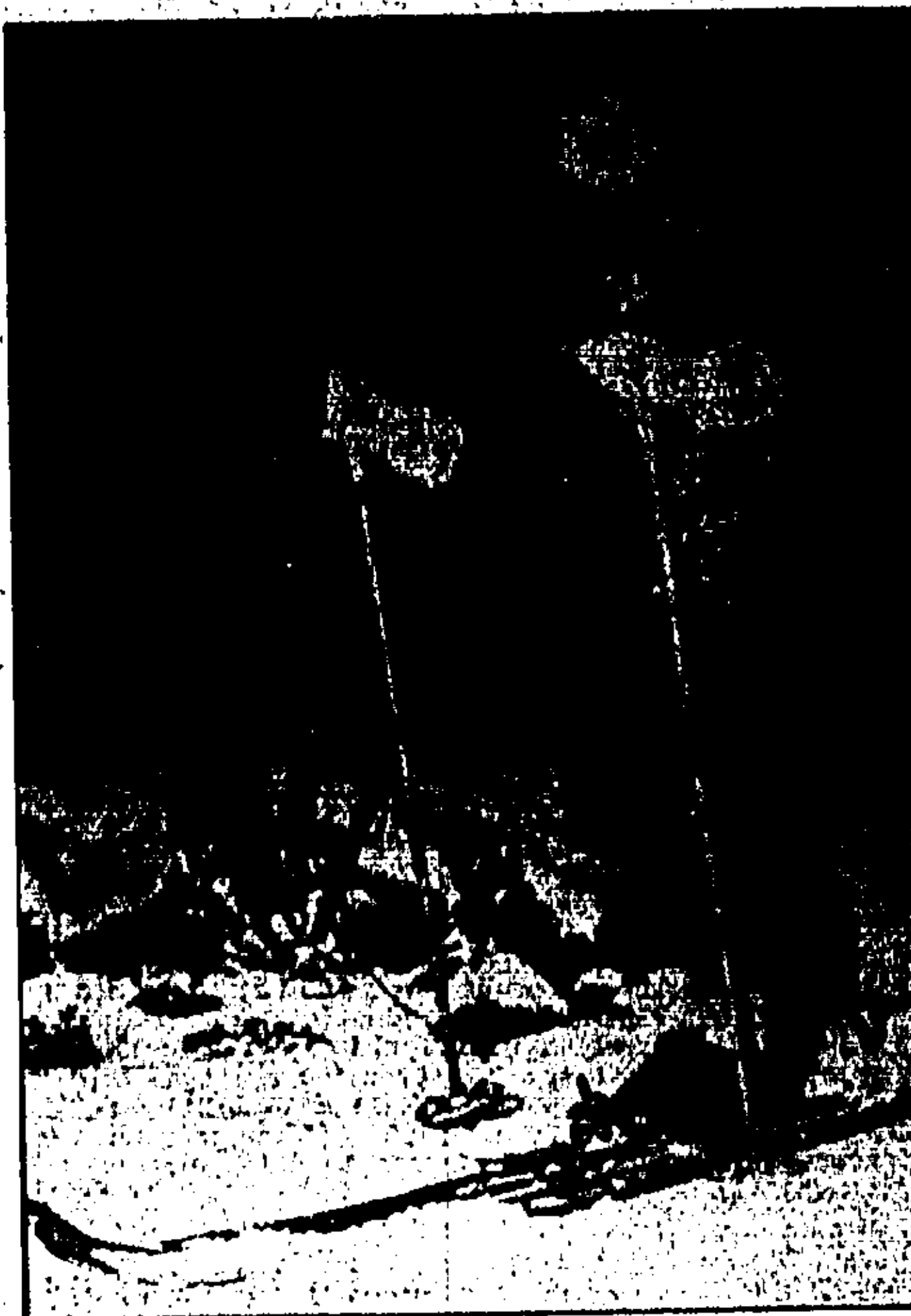
Georgina Moore who substituted for Princess Margaret—sitting for Pietro Annigoni's most discussed portrait.



Married six months—they meet for the first time. Boris fought with Polish forces in Britain during the war; heard a childhood sweetheart was still alive; wrote; married by proxy; now meets again after 19 years.

Hand in hand with the Queen's Press Secretary Commander Calville, Prince Charles catches the school special back to Cheam.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike salutes the last of the few, a Spitfire and Hurricane, at the closing Battle of Britain fighter station—Biggin Hill.

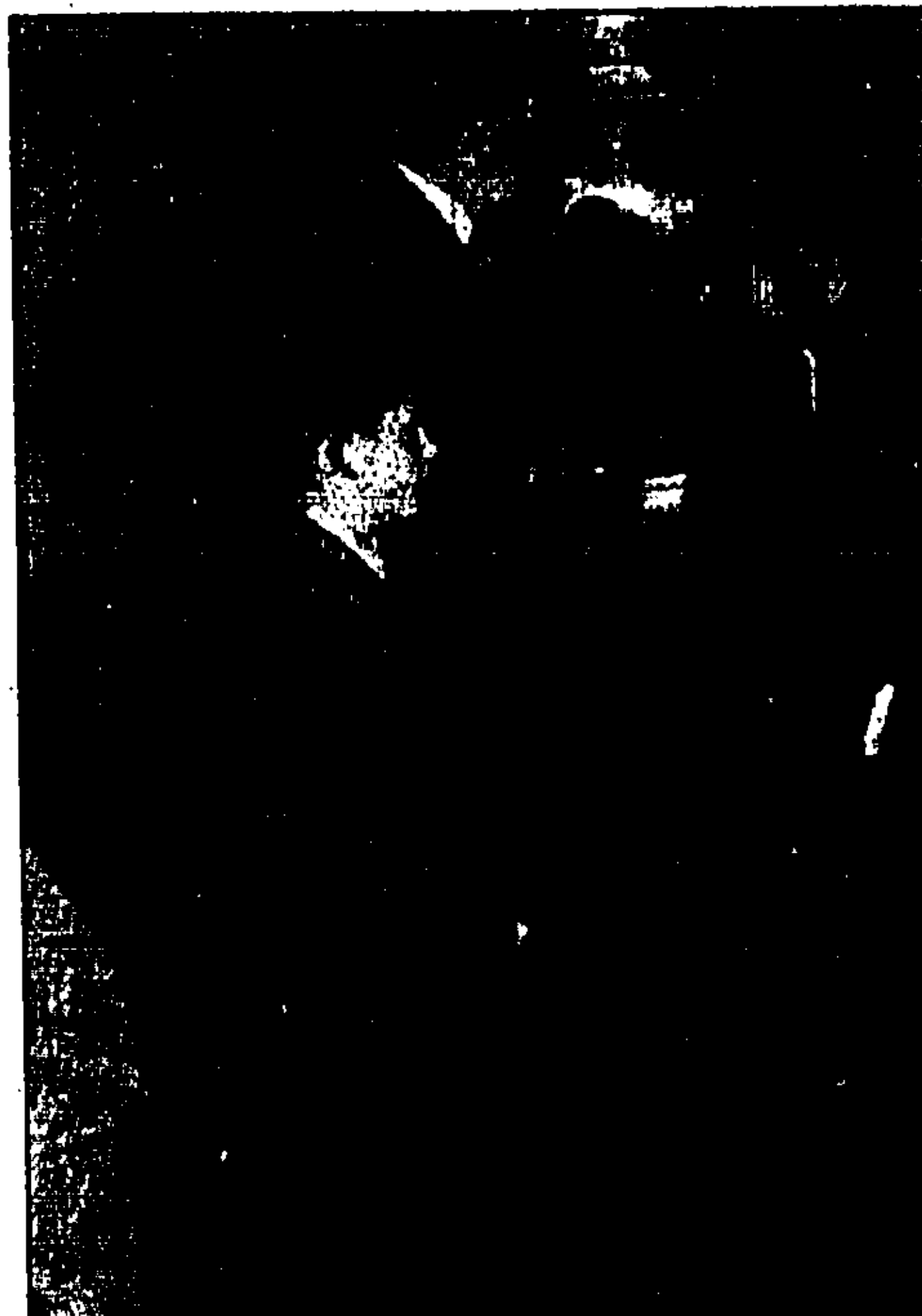


Here's the projected high-speed monorail bus that may one day link Victoria with London Airport in 20 minutes. If work began now the service could start in 1961.

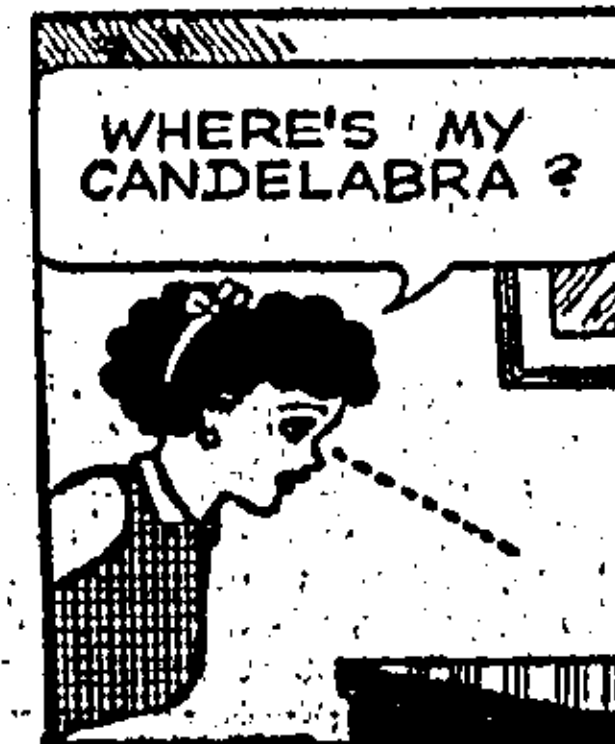
Peter Fuchs (17) in search of snow finds no justice. His father at the South Polo has too much. And the grounds of Sedburgh School in the West Riding do not have enough.

Princess Alexandra arrives at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with an up-swept hair style. The show was the first British performance of Francis Poulenc's new opera "The Carmelites." The pictures, taken by fast winding camera man, show the front and rear views of the new hair style as the Princess arrives at the Opera House.

King Freddie, the Kabaka of Buganda arrives for the wedding of his former ADC Ronald Owen. Reports of a plot to assassinate the elegant 34-year-old Kabaka brought the biggest turnout of police and detectives ever to attend a smart London wedding. The Kabaka's present... a carpet of antelope skins.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC



the finest chocolates in the world

ROUND THE KREMLIN IN 80 SECONDS

It is announced that somebody called Mike Todd has announced that somebody called Mike Todd and someone called Liz Taylor hope to make a film in Moscow.

This is great news for the Russians who never dreamed that their call for high-level meetings would achieve anything as high-level as Mike Todd.

But they must have felt just a little tiny bit hurt at his remark: "Liz will rock Moscow." She would undermine the whole economy there except she won't be staying long. There's nothing to buy.

Come, Mr Todd. We seem to remember reading somewhere that the Russians have produced one or two commodities lately which, so far, even Mike Todd, the United States, and the rest of us have been unable to manufacture.

GIANTS of Sport No. 3

It's true what they say ABOUT DIXIE!

THERE were three matches to go, and the young centre forward needed 10 goals to set up a new League record. Then there was one match and three goals to go. Then it was the last match... 12 minutes and one goal to go.

The minutes ticked by. Even the seconds became important now. Every man in the crowd on that day in 1928 held his breath. They watched, and waited.

Then it came. It was a centre from the left wing, a perfect centre. Up went the centre forward. His head met the ball. A split second later it was in the net.

Players and fans alike swarmed around the jubilant centre forward. The remaining minutes didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that Dixie Dean had scored, not just a hat-trick, but 60 goals in one English League season.

It was a record not yet, perhaps never to be bettered. A moment of triumph for Dixie Dean; triumph all the greater because it followed near tragedy.

A Bike

Turn back the clock a year and a half. William Ralph Dean, an Everton player for 16 months, is badly hurt in a motor cycle crash. They patched Dixie up. But looking at his multiple injuries, including a fractured skull and two fractured cheek bones, the specialist declared: "You'll never play again."

Dixie Dean had other ideas. Slowly he fought his way back to soccer fitness. It began with hospital treatment, and convalescence. It was carried on with the kicking of a small child's ball, then a soft bladder, and then a light football.

Then came the big test, Dixie was to play in a match. It was a muddy day and the ball was heavy. But, in the second half, Dean met a hard centre with his head, and scored. He was fit again.

But, then, Dixie was, above all, a fighter. He shrugged aside the specialist's verdict, on being discharged from hospital, his first request was for a motor cycle to test his nerve.

Dixie Dean was back, back to stay for several years as England's possibly the world's greatest centre forward.

Some play football just for the fun of it. Some play to earn their living. Some grow to love the game so much that even when they are compelled to hang up their boots and call it a day, they cannot leave the game alone.



By ERIC NICHOLLS

Dean closely. Throughout the game he stayed within a foot or two of the centre forward. After a while, Dean moved towards the touch-line. Roberts followed. Dean made to walk off the pitch. "Where are you going?" asked the bewildered centre half. "To the lavatory. Are you coming?" Dean replied.

A Salmon

But he was more than a great footballer and an incorrigible joker. He would go out of his way to help others. A fifteen-year-old boy centre forward, who had been kicked in the back, lay dying in a Leasowe hospital.

The boy wanted desperately to see his hero. Doctors contacted Dean, who made a special journey to visit the boy, showed him his medals, swapped soccer stories, and gave him an autographed photograph.

And so the man who had caused centre halves sleepless nights—helped a young boy to sleep easier that night.

When he bought a 42 pound salmon—the biggest catch of the season in the River Dee—Dixie gave it to the patients of Chester Hospital.

Because of acts like these Dixie Dean was respected as a man as well as a footballer. Dixie still runs his Chester hotel. It is seventeen years since he left big-time soccer. But, at 50, he is not forgotten.



Dixie Dean

The real secret of being a live wire

by Kenneth Reid

WITHOUT proper sleep you cannot function efficiently in your work and play—and that means comfortable, relaxed, and sound sleep.

The real solution to loss of sleep is to be found not in the doctor's surgery or the chemist's shop but in the bedding display, where there are plenty of good, modern beds and mattresses.

"Good" and "modern" are important. You cannot get a good night's sleep if you have been twisting and turning all night on a lumpy, broken-down old mattress that is "rotted" through being slept on for too many years.

Statistics show that most mattresses in Britain are in use for about 17 years.

That is too long. Mattress making has undergone a revolution in the post-war years. The modern mattress is the product not only of the craftsman but of the scientists too.

POSTURE

MANUFACTURERS can now use a research establishment where experiments are continually going on into sleeping posture and habits and into the various ways in which mattresses can be made most comfortable and restful to all sorts of sleepers.

The result is, we believe, that the modern British mattress is the best in the world.

How to go about choosing a mattress? There are, of course, several types to choose from, hair, rubber, or spring interior. The type of mattress you like is a personal choice.

But there are far more spring interiors in use in Britain today than any other type of mattress.

Look for the British Standards Institution "kite" mark on the mattress. It is a guarantee of quality.

Secretary of the Bedding Information Bureau.

has the right number of tested springs, and that the fillings are clean and wholesome.

The British Standards Institution standard is, however, a minimum one, and you should bear in mind that there is a wide range of quality among "kite" marked mattresses.

Consider the quality of the cover and do not be led away by appearances only. Covers can be strong and attractive at the same time.

With the spring interior type of mattress you can be sure of adequate ventilation.

But the most important point about buying a new mattress is to TEST IT. Too many people seem to be content with just prodding a mattress with their finger tips. But you can't expect that to tell you what the mattress will be like to lie on, can you?

There is only one way to test a mattress. That is to lie down on it, in the shop. As a general guide, however, you can take it that you will be able to buy a mattress for between 7/6 and 12/6.

guineas. You will get a double (4ft. 6in.) mattress for between 11 guineas and 60 guineas.

Spend every penny you can afford—even more than you can really afford—for a new mattress is an investment in sleep, health, and happiness. You owe it to yourself to get as good a one as possible.

If every member of our families slept well every night life would be very much pleasant and happier.

Maybe you don't sleep well and never gave a thought to the possibility that an out-of-date and lumpy mattress might be the cause.

That is the trouble with a good many people. They've got so used to sleeping rough, that they are not aware they are doing so.

It's probably time YOU bought a new mattress.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Of course, it's very reassuring to have the President tell us that Dulles is the most dedicated man he knows, but personally, I'd feel a lot happier if he'd explained just what the hell it is that Dulles is doing for us."



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THE BUSINESS OF WAR

GO BEHIND MY BACK— and I'LL HAVE YOU OUT!

General Ironside warns Hore-Belisha

WHEN I went back to the War Office in October 1938, Mr Hore-Belisha had been Secretary of State for about two years. In his first year of office he had, in effect, dismissed the military members of the Army Council, because he considered them to be too old and too unprogressive, and had installed a younger team, headed by Lord Gort as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

He took a keen personal interest in all the higher military appointments, exercising, to the utmost, the Secretary of State's constitutional powers of individual selection through the Military Secretary.

He was by far the most active Secretary of State the War Office had had for many years. He did much that was good for the Army, and he became popular with the rank and file. But he was not regarded by the senior officers as a good Secretary of State; even many of those who owed him their promotion disliked him and distrusted his judgment.

There was a widespread impression among most of the highly placed and responsible officers, especially among those who worked with him at the War Office, that he was too much concerned with his own advertisement, and they regarded his speeches on Army Estimates in the House of Commons as much too optimistic; they looked on them as positively misleading.

When he made Gort CIGS, Hore-Belisha no doubt considered that it would help to "put the Army on

the map" in the public eye.

Apparent

But Gort's unsuitability for the post soon became apparent to all. In the War Office this fine fighting soldier was like a fish out of water. When I arrived, relations were already considerably strained between him and Hore-Belisha; their mutual dislike increased as time went on.

By the time the war came, Hore-Belisha and Gort had been barely on speaking terms for many months. So far as I could see Hore-Belisha bore no animosity to Gort, but he was obviously well aware of Gort's distrust and dislike of himself.

In my own dealings with Hore-Belisha, I never found him anything but courteous and charming (and he had considerable charm when he cared to exercise it), and I could not but admire his subtle brain. But I was acutely conscious of the animosity felt towards him by practically every senior officer.

On September 3, the Cabinet decided that Gort was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Field Force, and General Ironside was to replace him as CIGS.

Most of us felt that the coming of Ironside and Hore-

Belisha could not last. Some of us believed that Hore-Belisha would find himself overshadowed by Ironside in the Cabinet Councils, and that he would soon find a way to get rid of him. Others felt the betting was the other way, and that Ironside would get rid of Hore-Belisha. They were right.

On Ironside's first morning in the War Office I went to see him in his room to brief him for his first Chief-of-Staff meeting. But before he looked at the papers he gave me an account of the interview he had had with Hore-Belisha.

Sticking out his enormous forefinger, and banging the edge of his table with it as he spoke, he delivered himself in terms something like these:

'My terms'

"I said, 'Now, Mr Belisha, I have formed a better opinion of you during the last few weeks. You have behaved extremely well during the crisis, and I have changed my mind about you. But understand this—and let us be quite clear about it—I never asked to become CIGS, and I accept it only on condition that you are perfectly frank with me, that you never go behind my back, or speak contrary to or without my advice on any military matter. If I find you doing that, I will have you out, or I will go. These are my terms, and you must accept them.' I always told Jack Gort, 'I went on, 'that he should have had a charter like that with Hore-Belisha—it is the only way.'"

On November 8, as I was going back into the War Office



London Express Service

after dinner, I met Hore-Belisha on his way out. He said: "You know, Kennedy, I think we've won this war if we only hold on and stick it out, and don't go in to help the Belgians and the Dutch. I'm going over to France next week; would you like to come?" I said I would love to.

The Military Attaché met us at Le Bourget. There was no love lost between him and Hore-Belisha. "He's dull as ditch-water," said Hore-Belisha. "I can't think why Gort wanted him here." The Military Attaché, on the other hand, told me that he felt it was good for his soul to meet Hore-Belisha occasionally; he disliked him so much that it was a very good exercise in self-control.

During the journey back to Paris after his visit to the front, Hore-Belisha asked me to join him in his car. He began by describing how he had got rid of the Army Council.

"They were an awful set of duds. You have no idea how impossible they were. They had to be got rid of. I wrote them

all letters telling them they must go.

"I knew we had to prepare for war when I came to the War Office. I can get things done and I got them done. Look at all the concessions I got. I got the equipment, I said that if I got the money I was not going to spend it on uniforms. You fellows do not understand the politician's role. I choose my moment. I go and see my colleagues when necessary. When I take up a thing, it gets done. You have no idea of the opposition I have met in the War Office in everything I have tried to do. It has been a constant struggle.

"My impression of the front is that they are working on quite the wrong lines. There ought to be hundreds of pill-boxes every hundred yards if necessary."

On December 3 I had a long talk with Ironside. He had just returned from France, where he had been investigating the

criticisms of the defences which Hore-Belisha had made in the Cabinet after his visit to the BEE, as well as further criticisms by Dominion Ministers who had also made a tour of the front.

"Now that I have seen the defences myself," said Ironside, "I intend to tell the Cabinet quite straight that Hore-Belisha is wrong. I think he'll have to go. It is time we had a better chap in the War Office."

Convinced

On December 10 I lunched with Ironside.

He went over the points of the pill-box business, and told me Gort was furious, not only at the criticism of his defensive arrangements, but even more so because of the way in which the criticism had been made—not to him direct, but to the Army Council and the Cabinet. In the absence of the CIGS, Gort had become quite convinced that Hore-Belisha was trying to unsettle him.

Hore-Belisha had misunderstood what Gamelin had said to him about the time it took to build a pill-box—Hore-Belisha had thought he said three days, whereas Gamelin had said three weeks.

"I said to him," Ironside continued, "that he could not speak French well enough for military discussions. I told him that his French was Le Touquet French—all right for talking to Mademoiselle X on the stage, but no good for military conversations. Hore-Belisha said I could not be really serious, and I said, 'Yes, I am. What he was really after was a Bellona Line joining up with the Maginot Line.'"

Eighteen months later Hore-Belisha invited me to lunch with him at his house in Stamford Place. After luncheon we sat in his little garden behind the house.

Referring to our visit to France in 1940, he said: "I remarked to Gort that I did not think very much of the defences. Gort replied that he had 17 designs for pill-boxes, but that he had not yet been able to get a decision as to which should be adopted. I said that that was the story of tank design over again."

"I then summoned the Army Council to discuss the problem.

At the meeting Ironside said: 'Jack Gort knows nothing about defences. Let me go and see the front and report.'

"Ironside then sent a telegram to Gort. 'Secretary of State wishes me to inspect and report upon defences.' Naturally this telegram upset Gort. When Ironside came back he came immediately to see me, and said: 'All France is in an uproar at your criticism of the defences.'"

"Well," said I, "I hope you will put them right." Then, to my astonishment, Ironside said, 'No—I agree with them, and he produced charts of defences which showed a great number of completed works.'"

We talked about Churchill for a bit. Hore-Belisha said that he could not have served under him as a Minister even if he had been invited to do so; he could not have tolerated never being allowed to exercise the proper functions of a Minister. He had a poor opinion of the quality of the then House of Commons, but he thought that if feeling in the country against Winston became strong enough, the House would "rise to the occasion."

I declared that I thought Churchill's regime had entirely justified itself, in spite of mistakes, that only for two things: the first was that he had stiffened the people all through a difficult year, as nobody else could have done; the second, the manner in which he had handled our relations with America. Hore-Belisha could not think; but he still thought that Churchill would fall.

There has been a good deal of speculation about Hore-Belisha's career as Secretary of State for War, and the circumstances surrounding his departure, but in some circles has been viewed as a "downfall" engineered by a "conspiracy of brass-hats." In a sense I suppose it was.

It seemed to me obvious that he had no natural aptitude for his job, and that he was surrounded by colleagues who were suspicious of his undoubted personal ambition and what they regarded as his passion for publicising himself and his achievements. His actions in the so-called "Pillbox Controversy" for instance, were absurdly distorted, and although I am quite sure, from what I saw, of

WAS THERE A CONSPIRACY OF BRASS-HATS? I SUPPOSE SO...

by Major-General

SIR JOHN

KENNEDY

Director of Military Operations 1940-45, Assistant Chief of Imperial General Staff (Operations and Intelligence) 1947-48.

At first hand, that he was out to help in every way, those who came to be regarded as symbols of his reputed "itch to interfere."

Very kind

But he was always extremely kind to me; for all his fads and eccentricities, I never found him anything but easy to deal with. And I am in no doubt that the Army was deep in his debt.

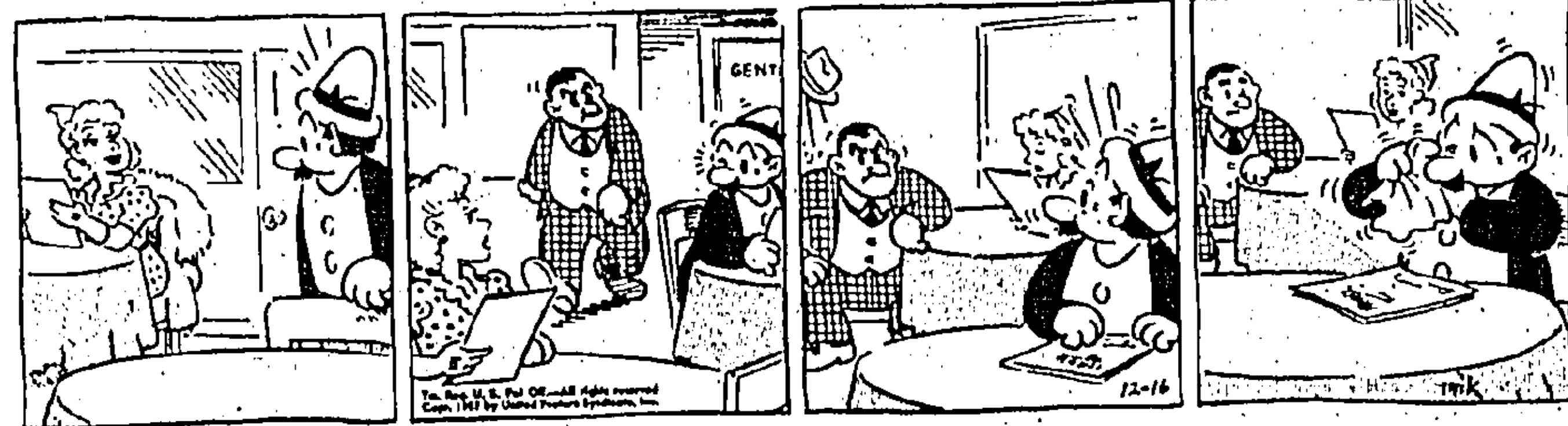
He brought the Army and the nation closer together in many respects; he improved conditions of service where his predecessors had failed to do so; although they had tried, he had the knack of handling Chamberlain's Cabinet; he made some changes at the top of the Army at a time when the operation was overdue.

Yet although the Generals may have handled him more roughly than he deserved, I am perfectly sure he was not the man for the hour.

NEXT WEEK

'Back Wavell
—Or Sack Him'

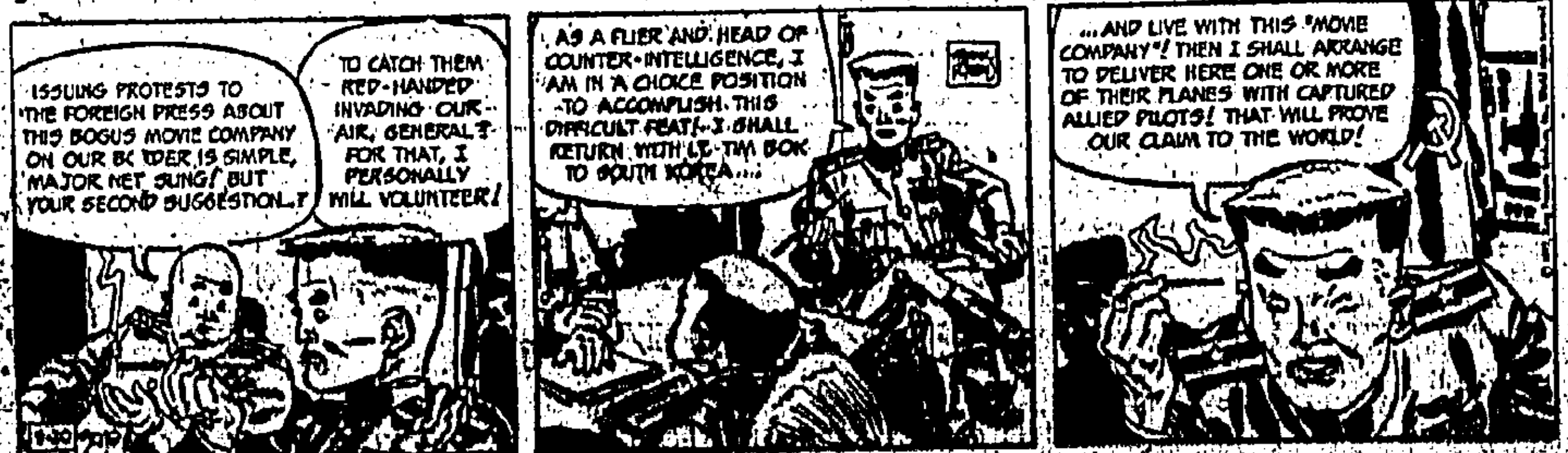
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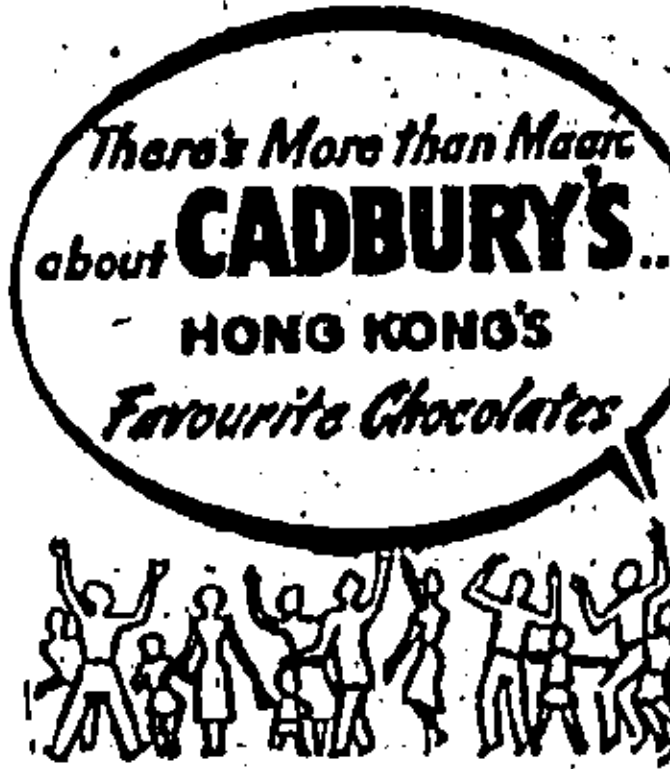
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



JOHNNY HAZARD



By Mik



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

By Frank Robbins



COMMENTARY BY FRANK OWEN

GENERAL KENNEDY confirms the suspicion felt in some quarters at the time of Leslie Hore-Belisha's dismissal from the post of Secretary of State for War in 1940 that it was "engineered by a conspiracy of brass-hats."

And he seems himself to consider that it was justified by that particular civilian's follies and his failure to take the advice of the Soldiers, notably General Gort, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force in France, and General Ironside, who had succeeded him as Chief of the

Imperial General Staff at the War Office.

One of Leslie Hore-Belisha's offences was his criticism of the so-called "Defence Line in France." He did not think much of the pill-boxes erected there and he wanted to strengthen them. (I remember him telling me so himself.) General Gort then informed him that he had 17 designs for pill-boxes, but that he had not yet been able to get a decision as to which should be adopted.

This was five months after the war had broken out, and four months before the Germans launched their great offensive in the West.

But then, what could a mere civilian know about war? "Why," said General Ironside contemptuously, "what he was really after was a Bellona Line joining up with the Maginot Line!"

Would you believe it? Yes, and it was exactly because the defences were so ineffective at that very point joining up with the "Maginot Line" that the Germans turned the flank of the Maginot Line just there and marched round to the rear of it, thereafter storming into France. A Leslie Hore-Belisha Ministry had sought as a matter of fact to do as much as a Bellona Line and was smashed in a twinkling.

News From Britain

Unexpected Boot

BRITAIN'S Labour Party has just received a swift kick in the pants from an unexpected direction. It came from all quarters of Labour's own "Daily Herald."

Labour leaders at all levels have been told bluntly by the "Herald" that they are playing Tory Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's game for him.

At a time when—in Labour eyes, anyway—disunion rends the Tories, issue piles upon issue, and the Government's popularity throughout the country glides, the top men of Labour should be assisting the downward and outward movement with a series of hearty shoves.

Instead, wails the "Herald," the Socialists who matter are content to sit quietly by and watch what they imagine is an inexorable process of Tory disintegration.

This very apathy, complains the left-wing daily, plays straight into Premier Macmillan's hands. "Petitified politics" is just what Premier Macmillan wants, says the "Herald."

It is not enough just to have the voters want the Tories out. They must actively want the Socialists in.

Although superficially sound, this exhortation may not have the desired effect on Labour's leaders. At the moment, they are drawing their strength from the internal troubles of the Tories—the differences which led to the resignation of the Treasury team headed by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the possibility of backbench wrath at Archbishop Makarios is brought back to Cyprus for negotiations.

As old Parliamentary hands, they know that the quickest way to seal the Tory ranks is to launch a major frontal attack. The attack in itself would weld the Tories. If the attack were repulsed, the Tories would emerge with enhanced prestige.

It is likely that the Socialist leaders have noted the constituency support ex-Chancellor Thorneycroft won for his explanation of his resignation, and that they are prepared to let this spirit filter through to the Tory. Labour most good.

Anticipated

"The only way to cure this Government of its blatant treachery to the working class is to prosecute wage claims in every industry in this country forthwith and then perhaps they will realise that the double-cross game does not pay."

The author of the foregoing is Mr. Ted Hill, general secretary of Britain's powerful United Society of Boiler-makers.

Mr. Hill, when he made this statement, was fulminating against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's refusal to issue a further appeal for dividend restraint or to take legislative action to this end.

In fact, Mr. Hill's rallying cry has been anticipated in a large way. Coal miners, railway engineers, London busmen, Ministry of Health workers and many more have already slipped in wage increases, despite the Government's pleas for restraint.

Here, indeed, is proof, if any is needed, that the Government has been so far pathetically unsuccessful in bringing home to the ordinary people of Britain the need to face up to the nation's economic problems.

Look Backward

The establishment this week of a Historical Commercial Vehicle Club in Britain highlights a peculiar facet of contemporary British life.

(There already exists a Veteran Car Club and a Vintage Sports Car Club).

This adulation of physical links with the past has really only manifested itself since the war. Nor is it restricted to old motor cars and grocery trucks. Gradually the fashionable woman has been edging herself back to the clothes and mannerisms of her predecessor of the 'twenties.

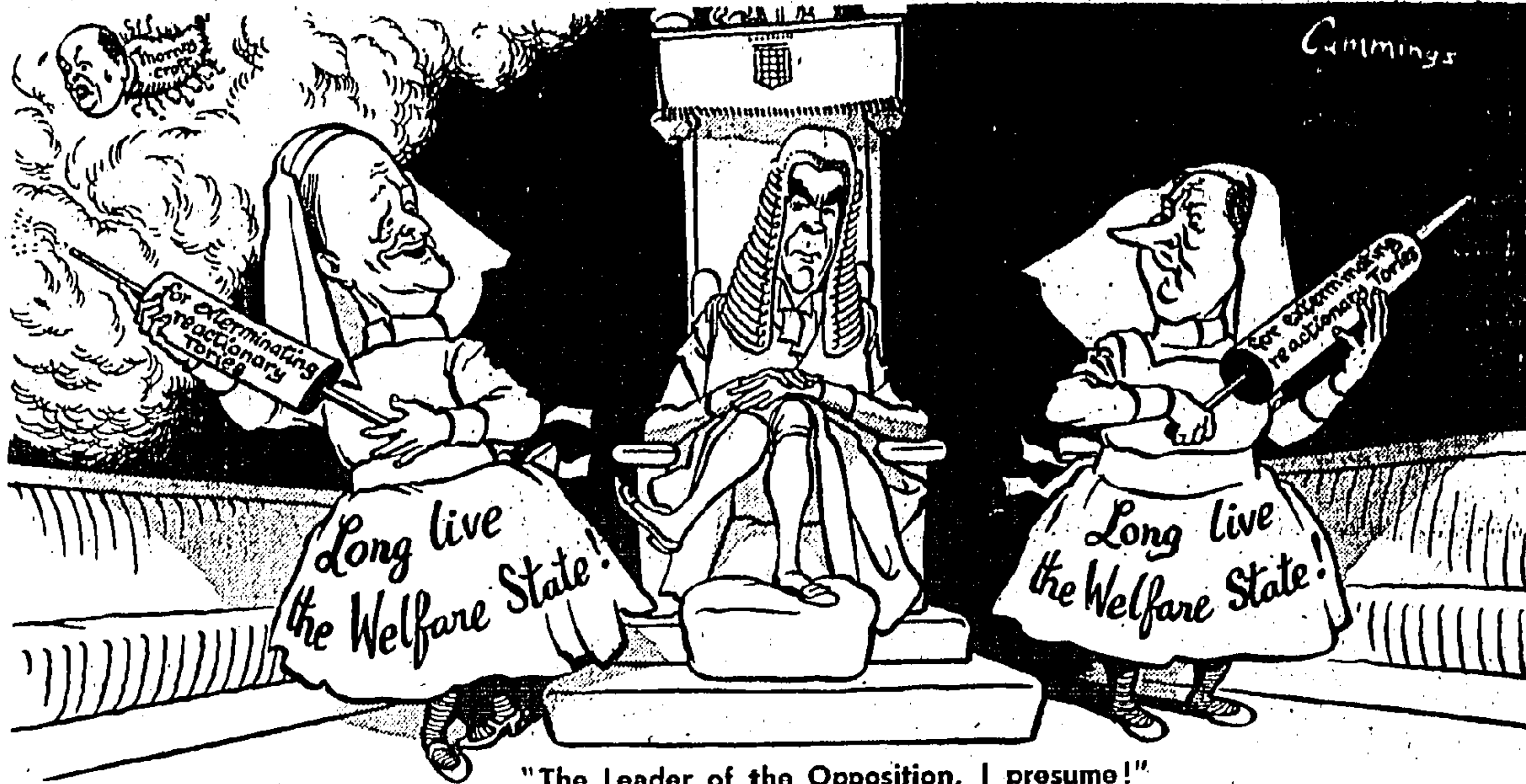
Among young men the affection for Edwardian clothes and hairstyles has become almost a cult.

In smart circles it is chic to be able to perform the Charleston. The musical hits of the 'twenties are being revived. And now the nation's junk heaps are being combed for, of all things, Victorian brass bedsteads.

Here is a fruitful field for psychologists and sociologists. A generation, for some deep reason, turning back upon its course.

By

Peter Burgoyne



"The Leader of the Opposition, I presume!"

Before you take the plunge—ten vital rules

by SIR GORDON RUSSELL

DIRECTOR OF THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN AND ONE OF BRITAIN'S TOP FURNITURE DESIGNERS

CHOOSING furniture is largely a matter of common sense and some training of the eye. Anyone can learn to do it, but naturally some people do it better than others.

The ones who do it better have thought it worth while to take trouble over a job which, because of the cost, cannot be tackled all over again in a year or so.

Good furniture, well chosen for your own needs, will give you pleasure for years. It will not look out of date in a short time. It will improve with age, just as antique furniture has acquired a mellow flavour.

The kind of furniture which dates is that which is screaming at you to take notice of it, or is just plain dreary.

It is the same with a friend—and good furniture should be your friend.

Several of the rules for buying furniture might seem too obvious to repeat—but although they ARE obvious many people don't take them into account.

Rosy glasses

YOUNG couples, just engaged, see furniture-buying through rosy glasses.

Perhaps the girl wants something she has seen illustrated in a glossy magazine or something she has pleasant memories of at home.

Perhaps both of them are thinking how much a week they can afford on H.F. as people should, but forgetting whether they are buying suitable things.

Or perhaps they run into a very high-speed salesman and buying seems the only way to escape.

And older people often leave buying until their existing furniture collapses—and then take the first thing they see.

Buying furniture, I repeat, is like making friends. There are people who, on first acquaintance, are most exuberant and entertaining, but the next time you are with the same jokers you are aware of the same mannerisms, you feel that they are out to impress, to overwhelm with bonhomie.

You say to yourself this is fun for an evening, but fancy living with it.

Furniture is just like that—do you want it as a friend or a buffoon? You should be quite clear on this point, for you will be offered both kinds.

Furniture is the most important and the most expensive single item in equipping your home.

How will you use the room or rooms you propose to furnish? DO YOU WANT a room to live in or to look at?

All of us have been in many houses where the centre of life is the kitchen. Here all is warm, cheerful, cosy.

There is a parlour, which is sometimes cold, formal and rather forbidding, no one dare put a pipe down on a table or walk about in his socks.



Yet it was furnished with most hospitable intentions. Is there no way of combining these ideas of cosiness, hospitality, formality, respectability, friendliness, and good taste which all of us have at the back of our minds when we furnish a house?

Of course there is. Here are 10 vital points to remember:—

1. Don't imagine it is impossible to combine old and new furniture in your room. It can be done with very happy results. But it is difficult to combine good and bad.

2. Don't buy furniture on weight! Lightness can be achieved by skimping, but lightness plus strength, as in airplanes, is easy or cheap.

3. In easy chairs, for instance, it is an immense convenience in rearranging a room. The material in which an easy chair is covered is part of the design of the chair, as well as being part of the colour scheme of the room as a whole.

4. Ask yourself whether it harmonises or contrasts with carpet and curtains and also whether its pattern is suitable for the shape of the chair.

5. When someone tells you that the newest thing even is to have a different colour on all your walls and a pattern on the ceiling, take a deep breath and think it over.

6. You have to LIVE in the room. On occasion a change of colour or pattern can be stimulating, but don't overdo it.

7. Buy well-mannered rather than startling furniture for the reasons I have given—fussy, veneered, gaudy, chromium-plated handles are all right once in a while in a night club, but not to be welcome in a home.

8. Buy for USE, rather than for show. Don't be brow-

beat by imagining what the Joneses will think of your home.

9. Be thorough. Look at the back and the inside. If there are badly finished parts or a good chance that other parts are as well. The length of life of furniture depends a great deal on the joints, which you can't see.

10. So it is essential for all of it to be made honestly. Make the salesman explain any points not clear to you and don't be fobbed off!

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Annigoni

by

OSBERT LANCASTER

ROYAL personages enjoy two notable advantages over their subjects: their health is in the hands of the most illustrious medicos of the day and their likenesses are taken by the most popular portrait painters.

While in the former case their chances of survival are far rosier than they were in Victorian times, in the latter they are infinitely worse.

For although the standard of British painting today seems to me to be incomparably higher than it was, an exception must be made in the sphere of portrait painting. It is not, as so many ferocious critics of the Royal Academy complain, that we have no Goyas, Gainsboroughs, or Titians, but that we have got no Winterhalters, Watts, or even Sargent.

No one can ever expect more than a handful of first-rate portrait painters at any one time (and we have in fact, three), but one can reasonably hope for a good, workaday standard of honest craftsmanship to be maintained among the respectable second-rate.

More's the pity as it is just to such men that official portraits are, and have been for a century or more, entrusted.

Great artists such as Sutherland, Mr. John, and Sir William Coldstream are apt to be uncompromisingly easily to accommodate themselves to such tasks.

THE STAKES

IT is, therefore, our own fault that so slick and shallow a sleight-of-hand virtuoso as Signor Annigoni is now way ahead of the field in the portrait stakes. As a draughtsman he is no better, on the whole, than the majority of the Royal Academicians.

But he has taken the trouble to study the paintings of the High Renaissance and as a result is in a position to employ a number of long forgotten technical tricks. Thanks to these he is able to disguise his inadequate draughtsmanship and total inability to grasp form beneath a sticky layer of surface charm.

However, accustomed as one is to the hopelessly superficial quality of his approach, one remains, nevertheless, stunned by the glaring inadequacy of his latest work.

FIRST, the question of scale. Princess Margaret, of all the beauties of the day, is the one whose quality most firmly resides in the scale on which it finds expression.

She possesses a delicacy of feature which calls for a Boucher or a Hilliard perfectly to preserve the ethereal nature of the total effect.

By painting her three-quarter length, on an overcrowded canvas with nothing to give the scale except those fuzzy sprays of not easily identifiable greenery, Annigoni has started on the wrong foot and as a result the young woman in his picture looks just about as ethereal as a fully qualified masseuse.

SECOND, the drawing. Whose the first time since the hurried Sargent is that one's eyes are drawn to the drawing of the figure? For all the decorative painting, we can hope, it has with the rest of the produce no artistic, artistic figure it might just as easily

belong to a lady-in-waiting concealed in the background to relieve her Royal Highness of the tedium of supporting these unconvincing folds of melting tulle.

Concealing drapery is a perfectly legitimate pictorial device (even cartoonists when in a hurry have been known to avail themselves of it), but it must either be interesting in itself or indicative of the form beneath. Here it is neither.

That much of the left arm as is visible, together with the right hand, would seem to have been moulded in some particularly unpleasant form of plasticine, perhaps, due to the reproduction.

But not even half-tone can excuse the drawing and placing of the eyes.

Her Royal Highness has the most remarkable eyes of any woman of her generation. They dominate the face and express even to a greater degree than is usual, the whole personality.

Here they are treated with just the same inhibited lack of emphasis as the folds of the dress or the knuckles on the hand.

Why, one may ask, is Signor Annigoni so acclaimed? The fault lies not with the Royal Family, who can hardly be blamed for deprecating of the native talent in this field, but in our art schools.

SNOBBERY

ALL over the country a species of inverted snobbery prevails according to which portrait painting is regarded as being in some way degrading.

Peering with Mr. Bratsky into the kitchen sink or rummaging good canvases with the Tachists, our brightest students are terrified of compromising their genius by submitting themselves to the not unfeasible demands of a prospective sitter.

Even had they genius, such scruples would in most cases be unreasonable. If Mr. Sutherland can bring himself to paint portraits, their own talents are unlikely to come to much harm.

And as nine-tenths of them are automatically doomed to end up as art-teachers—producing more portrait painters of kitchen sinks who will, in their turn, etc., etc.—they might as well have thought, just as well take the minimum of trouble so to equip themselves as to be able to beat the dashing Signor at his own game.

FOURTH, it is a sad reflection on the art-education of this country that one is often for the first time since the hurried Sargent is that one's eyes are drawn to the drawing of the figure? For all the decorative painting, we can hope, it has with the rest of the produce no artistic, artistic figure it might just as easily

THIS is the Gin



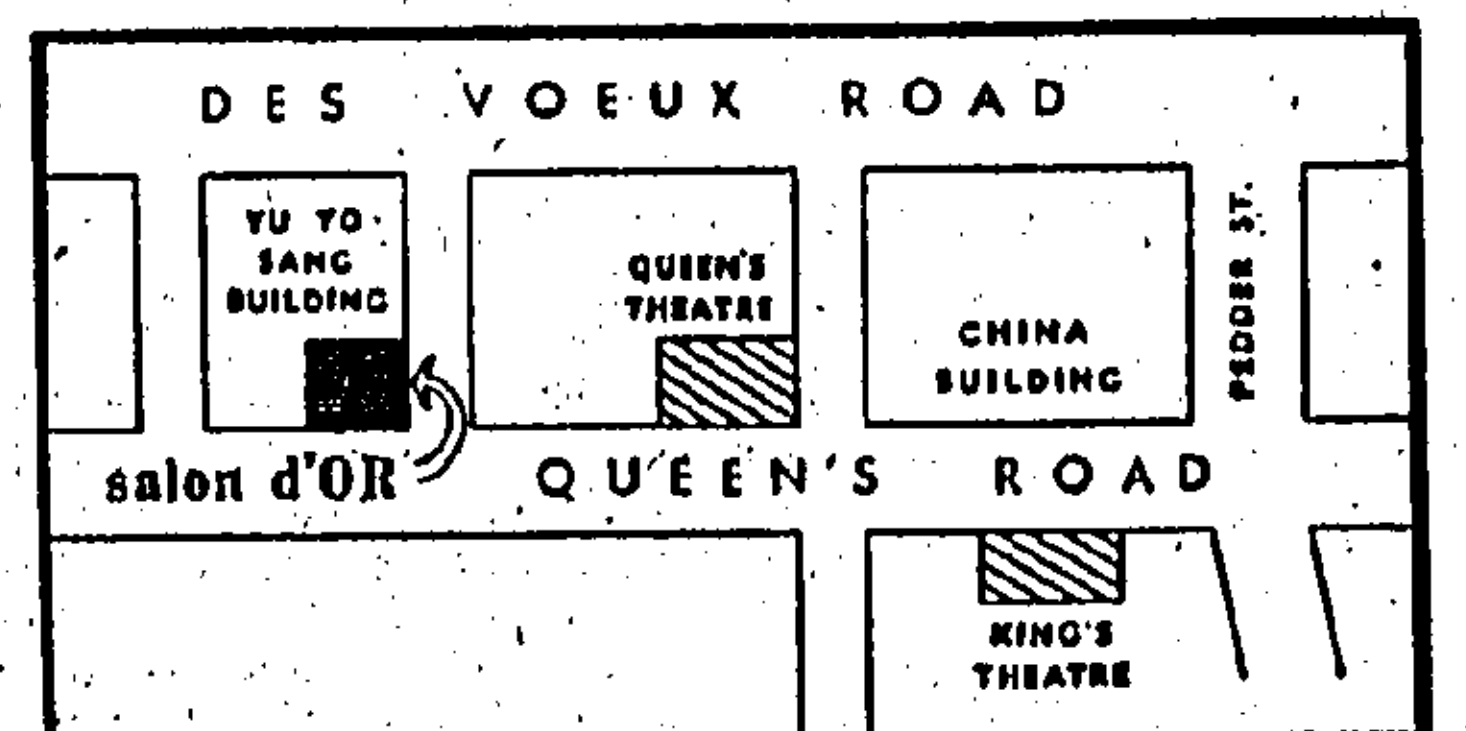
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MY CRACK-UP and

How I Rode It

by ROBERT DONAT



The young Mr Chips, and his wife—Graor Garson

ROBERT DONAT smiled as he looked out on the snow and sunshine from a room in Mayfair. And his gentle voice said:—

"It is so good to see life again. There have been long times during these last four years when I have been so desperate, so afraid, that I could not face anybody—not even my family."

It is difficult to know what to do, or what to say, when somebody tells you something like that. Especially when they are speaking about the sort of long private ordeal that Donat has faced and fought.

For four years now he has lain in waiting for his body to respond to his urge to keep on living. His voice—one of the most noble in the world—has been almost stifled, racked only by agonising attacks of asthma. And his great talent as an actor, his main reason for living, has been wasted.

'Wonderful'

FORTUNATELY Donat himself helped me over the awkward moment. He smiled more broadly. "Well, I'm back now," he said. "It's wonderful, as well as frightening."

Donat, one of the world's biggest stars who is admired, even loved, by millions for his performances in such films as "Goodbye, Mr Chips," "The 39 Steps," and "The Ghost Goes West," is back in a very big way.

He is to star with Ingrid Bergman in a film called "Inn of the Sixth Happiness." He is an actor in big style again, besieged by offers from our British producers, and from Hollywood too. And he is a man scared with the happiness of being back.

Only one subject was forbidden for discussion—the break-up, last year, of his marriage to actress Renee Asherson.

His adviser told me: "It is not that he is bitter about his marriage. The position is rather the contrary. He is grateful to Renee, for she helped him all that she could."

Donat sat in a blaze of sunshine in the window-seat of the hotel room. At first glance he looked like an ordinary man of 53. Neat, pin-stripe suit, crisp white shirt. Assured smile.

But his face despite the studied calm, still had a hint of romantic wildness. His voice, soft yet astonishingly clear, still had the vigour of a dominating personality. Only his hands,

clashed rather tightly, indicated that he might be frightened of meeting people again.

People . . .

HE added that fright with a wry laugh at himself: "I have always been the sort of person who wants to back out of things at the last moment."

"And I have grown worse. I'm afraid, about people. The most terrible thing about meeting people is that always always they say: 'How are you?' It somehow crumples me up,

as it must anybody who is trying to shake off sickness."

I asked him how he had managed to bear up during the worst days of his collapse. "I don't think I did," he answered. "I just knew that suddenly I had collapsed. I had to give up a film. It seemed I had to give up my future."

Challenge.

SUDDENLY his tightly clasped hands relaxed as he went on: "I was not very



Back Today

brave. I don't think anybody can be brave in such circumstances.

"I could not stand up to the strain even of ordinary conversation. I kept think-

ing I would break down when I opened my mouth, that my visitor would see me racked with coughing lost in despair."

He chuckled. "It was infuriating," he said, "to be offered some of the finest screen roles in recent years and to know that somebody else would have to play them."

I asked what the turning point had been. He rubbed his aquiline nose reflectively. "Who can say?" he said. "Perhaps it is a building-up, a regrowing within oneself."

"I do not talk of being cured, because that would be folly. I am still not entirely well, but I am going on nicely. I cannot advise because no two people are alike, not even asthmatics."

Then suddenly his arms swept wide in a big gesture. "But I do know that everything seemed right from the time that I felt the challenge to do something."

"The television people wanted me to do a New Year's Eve programme. I thought, 'No, I can't. No, I can't.' But they somehow thought I could."



ROBERT DONAT—the face that charmed the "30s".

"They even agreed to turn off the central heating in the studio overnight so that it would be cold—so that my asthma would not be affected by the warmth. The technicians sat in overcoats and I was scared stiff."

He paused and gave a short, triumphant laugh. "But I made it," he said. "I didn't even cough. Not once!"

I felt like sharing his laughter. Then suddenly Donat went back into his shell. The smile became cautious.

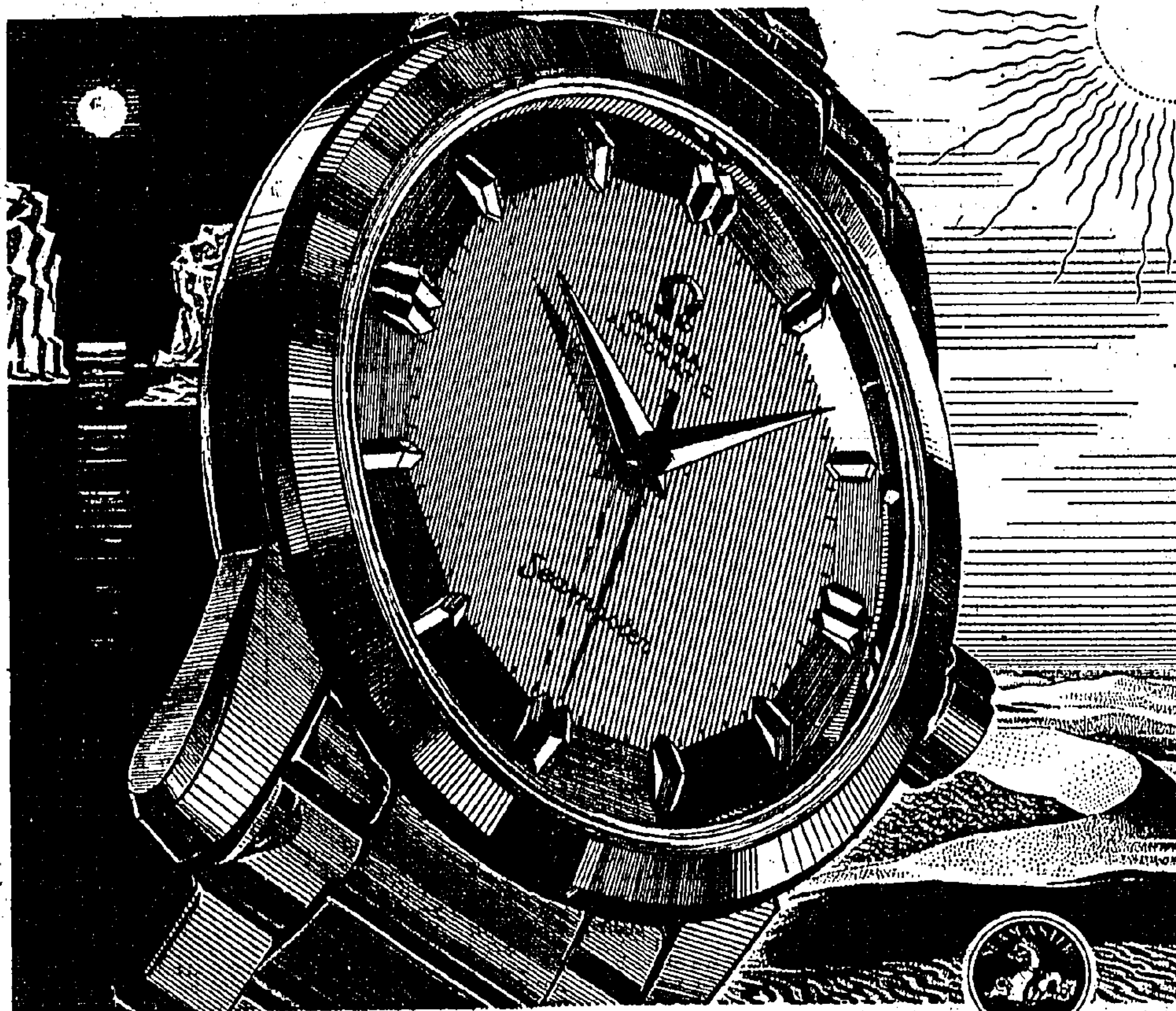
"The truth is that I feel the panic inside myself is at the root of my illness."

"But now I feel an optimist in spite of myself. I'm looking forward to the future."

John Lambert



Old Chips



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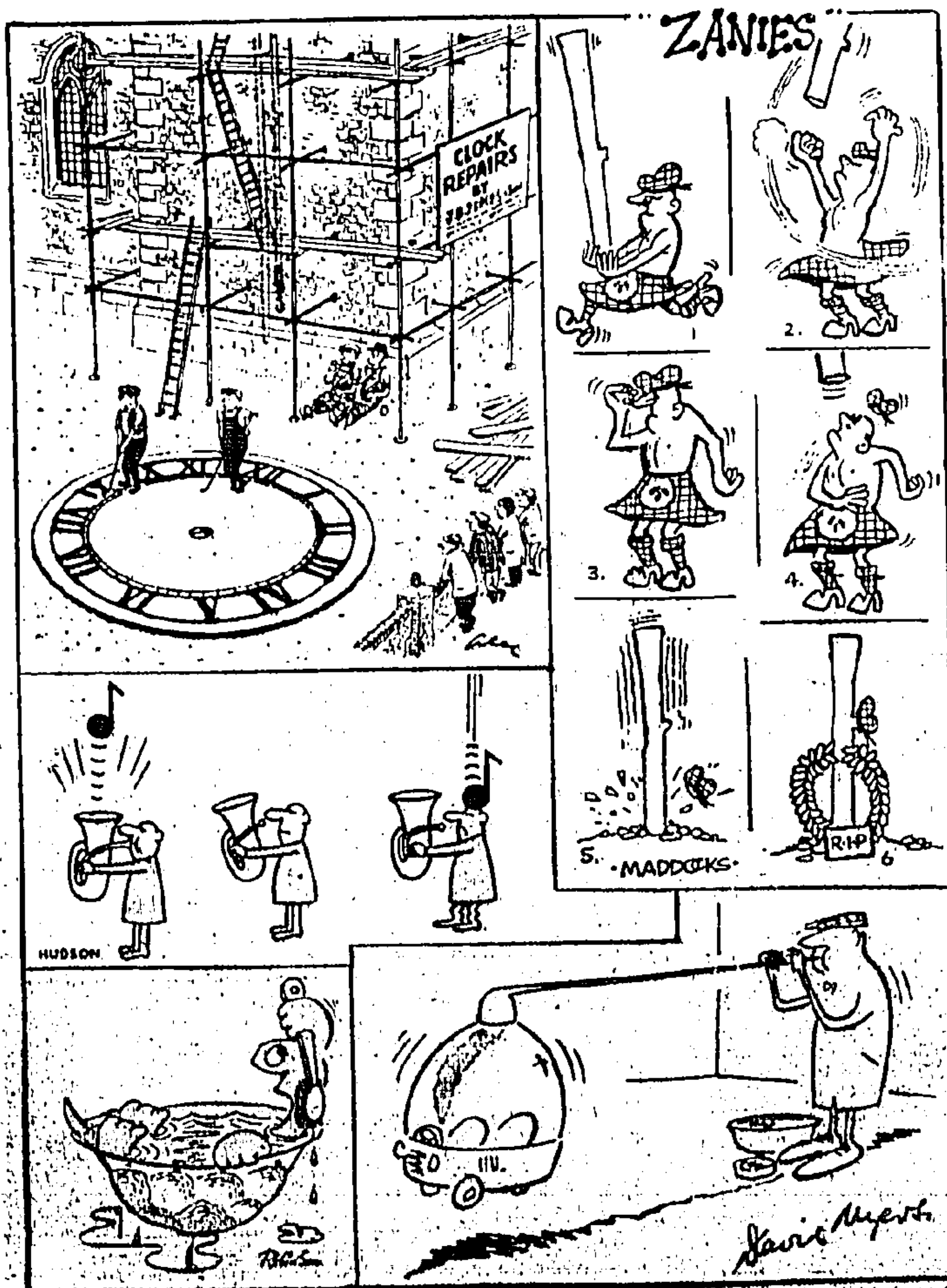
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

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...And they say that models are supposed to be dumb!



DON'T anyone ever tell me again that model girls are dumb. In a 10-minute encounter I've learned more from one than I've learned from many other women in 10 years.

There was I sitting alone at the one Mayfair snack bar the fashion world loves, "toying," as they say, with a "Rarebit à la Mode" (a Welsh one with a bit of salad trimming to you) when up she drifted. "Model girl" was written all over her delicious little face—in blue, black, and dark peony red.

She snaked up on to her stool. I offered the menu to break the ice. At once we were deep in an utterly feminine conversation. Product of one of the "heartiest" English public schools, she was the most astonishing mixture of simplicity and sophistication.

We had a gorgeously rosy time with cosmetic surgery. Her best friend's nose had been straightened—"he went in through the eye sockets and did the job from behind... left her with a nose like a football but she looks dreamy now."

And did I know of (another model) who had had a second lift—"using the same scar, of course. Mind it makes her look just the slightest bit Chinese. You can't keep on lifting without turning the corner of the eyes up... but in a sort of sinister way it suits her."

Comfortable!

She advised me that the French were better on busts. Two balloons of plastic on the under side. It gives such a boost and only a 3in. scar to show for it.

Br-r-r. I switched the conversation to cosmetics. She wore the eyelashes all the time—look, come closer, you swear you can't see them? Comfortable? But yes, I've worn them for so long I can't bear the sight of myself without them. I even sleep in them—well, sometimes. I only because I'm too tired to take them off—modelling's exhausting. But they are a bit bent.

It seems you can do anything in them—"except cry. Five minutes of a good cry and they start peeling off. I quizzed her on the rest of her make-up. How long, I wondered, did those huge, blue-



An astonishing mixture of simplicity and sophistication

TIRED?

A new tonic

"THOSE thousands of women shop-gazing around town—cannot think why they don't look at something they can get the teeth into," said Madame Kay Gimpel—meaning pictures. I had called in on Gimpel File, the Mayfair gallery, for an eye of Action Painting. Curiously they have a first showing of the works of a Dutchman called Bogart—extraordinary swirls and gobbets of colour, inches thick on his restless-looking canvases.

"You know," said Madame, warning to her theme, "there is often a period when a married woman's life becomes utterly pedestrian. She probably lacks the mental energy to tackle new writing or poetry. But she can use her eyes."

"Chatter-boxing is so stimulating—and such a cheap pleasure. No, I'm not preaching culture with a capital C. What a new dimension... so much awareness, open to the world, what one-upmanship."

She's absolutely right about painting. I'm not so sure about the one-upmanship. "What do you think of Bogart's?" could be a dead-end as an opening gambit. But then so could "What do you think of Seinfeld's?"

Try it—IT WORKS.

So much for the colour. Now for the shape. Is there anything to be done for those uniform, tunic-like, piano legs? "Yes," says Helena Rubin, Stein's beauty clinic. "Certainly," says Vivian Sorbelle, she's the girl who has slimmed down more noticeably than she'd care to mention.

Rubinstein's recommendation followed by Parfardim to tone up the muscles electrically. The Sorbelle method includes special baths—"We sweat them from the waist downwards, followed by deep massage. With this a high protein diet and exercise."

Costs? Anything from six to 12 guineas for a six-week treatment.

Successful? No guarantee—but they're all very optimistic.

lidded doe-eyes take to complete? "About 20 minutes—if I've a steady hand. The rest of my face I leave more or less to nature. You can't have too many gimmicks."

'It's crazy'

From cosmetics to mothers—"mine wouldn't let me wear nylon until I was 16. It's crazy to dress like a daughter down. Once I left home I went haywire—fashionwise I mean."

I bought a huge black velvet hat and wore it with a dead white make-up and a purple lipstick. I remember crouching under it in a night club and refusing to take it off. The boy I was with was livid.

She told me how the new T-strap shoes make thick ankles look so much slimmer. She told me how men notice teeth first. "Some girls use a special white plastic paint. I tried it once, but it was agony getting it off again."

She said that everyone knew what Lord K was like in that that she was burning to see The Ten Commandments. "I've been offered a job as a mannequin in a store, but the pay was terrible—£10 a week and I was expected to sell things too"... and that her marriage was over—"Oh, age ago. I was about 19 years old."

Now step out—in colour

HEMLINES are going up—up—UP—no doubt about it. And 1958 will make fashion history as the year of long, pastel-tinted necklaces and longer pastel-tinted legs.

I believe women will go wild about the new coloured nylons. No more neutrals, no more skin tints. You will choose from

mist blue, coral, bluish pink, sea-green, or saffron.

Key your stockings to the rest of your outfit. The aim is a long-streak-of-the-same-colour look from your shoulders to your toes. We've learned the wisdom of this from the "twenties, the crazy days when they wore bright hats, short dark dresses, and pale legs—and cut themselves up into three different-sized bits.

Today's varying depths of the same colour for a long legged line.

Don't Follow Food Diet If You Want To Reduce



HER FIGURE is perfect! Glamorous Ava Gardner is someone to keep in mind if you're weakly waiting for inspiration to reduce.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

DON'T diet yourself into a state of decline. That's just plain silly. Yet so many girls do it.

After a year—or years—of eating all the goodies in sight, they decide to shed weight. But they want to do it overnight.

Bad Dieting Practices

They go on fad diets, guaranteed to take off ten pounds in a week, or they try a few routines of their own, such as skipping one meal every day for a week or more. Either practice is bad.

Lose weight, if you need to, but do it wisely. Plan a well-balanced diet. Consult your doctor and let him map one out for you.

Five Helpful Hints

How to stay on that diet? It takes willpower, but here are five hints to help you:

1. Make it a rule never to have second helpings. No matter how much your

hostess pleads with you, be firm when you say No. **Calorie Chart**

2. Carry a calorie chart in your purse, so you can keep tally of all you eat. Every mouthful adds to the day's intake, so watch it!

3. Eat slowly and you'll find you won't eat as much.

4. Do eat between meals—a carrot stick, a piece of fruit, a celery stalk—if you find that such low-calorie snacks help you to be happy with smaller meal-time portions.

Look at Pictures

5. For inspiration, paste a pin-up on your dressing table mirror, a picture of someone who's figure-perfect. Every time you look at it, consider that this is what you're working toward.

You'll find the photograph will help to remind you that your "hateful" diet will be well worth the trouble if you keep it up.

SMOKING NEED NOT MAR A WOMAN'S CHARM

By Patricia Compton

DESPITE the fact that it is now more than 70 years since a High Court in England ruled that a woman could smoke without any stigma being attached to her morals, there are still many people, mostly male, who strongly disapprove of the idea.

Although some male antagonism is undoubtedly due to selfishness—women trespassing on their reserves—women smokers often unconsciously foster this disapproval by slipping

into a careless and untidy manner of smoking.

Nicotine-stained teeth and fingers, ash carelessly dropped down the front of a dress, and smoking in the street are only a few of the crimes committed by these offenders.

If a little care and forethought is given to details, there is no reason why the woman smoker cannot appear as well-groomed and elegant as her "vice-less" sisters.

Nicotine stains on the index and middle fingers will usually

yield to a brisk rub with a slice of lemon, and then a well-soaped pumice stone. Or, alternatively, a piece of cotton wool dipped in some household bleach will do the trick.

Special care should be taken if the nails are varnished. If the smoke is allowed to curl around the nail the varnish will darken to a deep brown. The best remedy, of course, is to make a habit of using a cigarette holder which is both protective and elegant.

Discoloured teeth look most unattractive, and brushing in

the ordinary way will not remove the nicotine stains. Make a paste of peroxide of hydrogen and precipitated chalk and apply it to the teeth with the tips of the fingers. Allow the paste to remain for about five minutes and then brush the teeth thoroughly with a firm dry brush.

Another offence which often goes unnoticed by feminine smokers is the stale clinging smell of tobacco which pervades the hair. The only solution to this problem—other than wearing a "Smoking Cap"—is to wash

the hair regularly and often. In between shampoos brush the hair with a perfumed hair brush. To do this, rub a spot of brilliantine into the palms of your hands and then rub lightly over the bristles of your brush.

WATCH OUT

Finally, watch out for facial gymnastics. Nothing looks more unattractive than a woman with a cigarette pursed between her lips while she endeavours to sew or knit. With her eyes screwed up against the smoke, and her teeth coming in spasmodic gulps, she is enough to turn any man against a woman smoking.



HARDY AMIES
FASHION DESIGNER

Never!

Left:

"Never again will I have a beige carpet throughout the house. It is so dull and unenterprising." He recommends pretty patterned carpets as being far closer to life with.



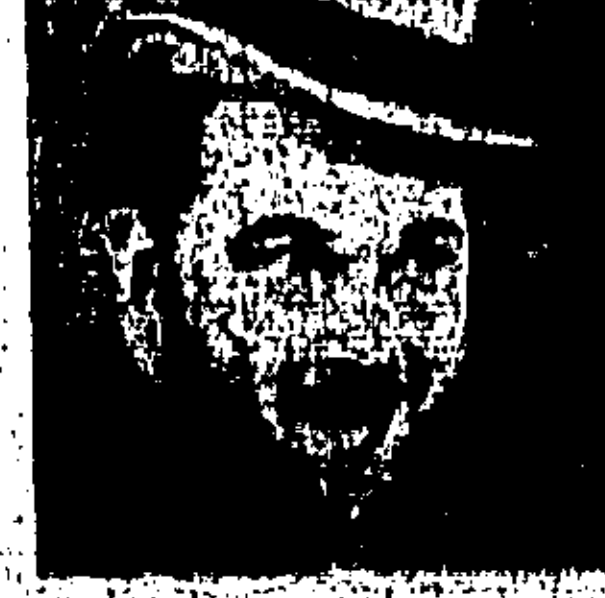
YOLANDE DONLAN
ACTRESS

Left:

"Never again will I have a red flock wallpaper in the drawing-room. It felt like a night club, and after three months I couldn't stand it. We have now got plain lavender pink."

Right:

"Never again something that is said to be triple purpose. The stool that was also a table and magazine rack was a rotten idea anyway—never anything else!"



MICHAEL FLANDERS
ACTOR

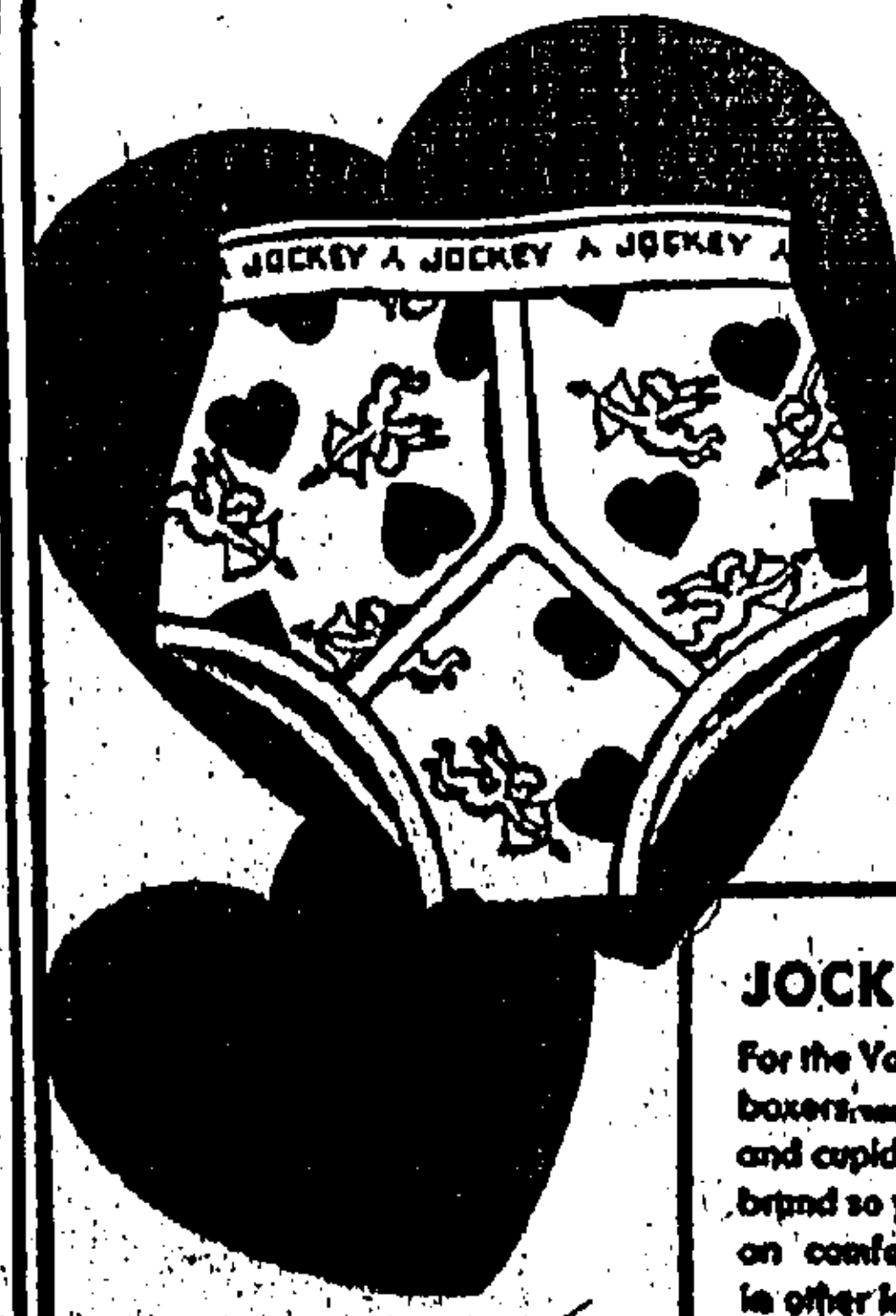
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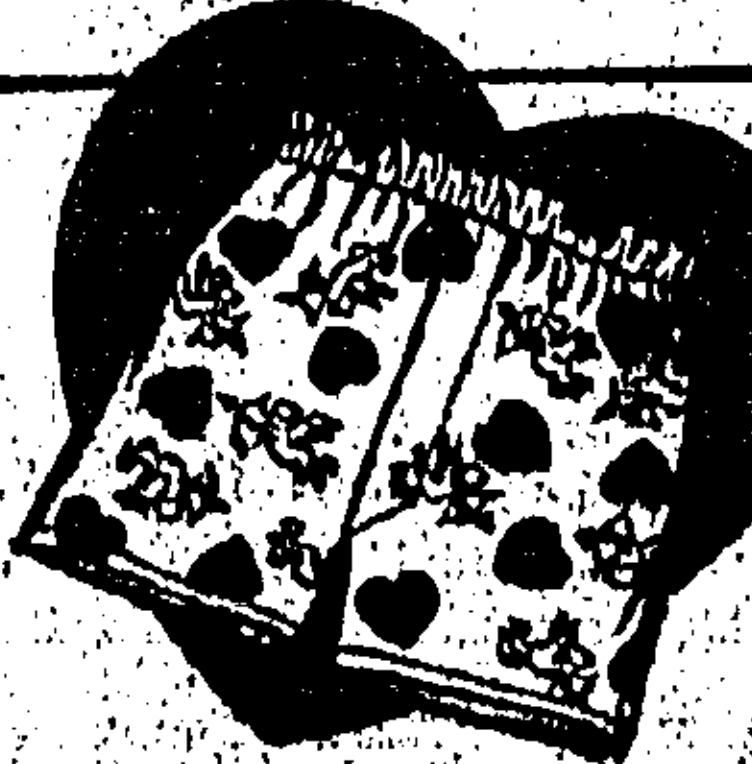
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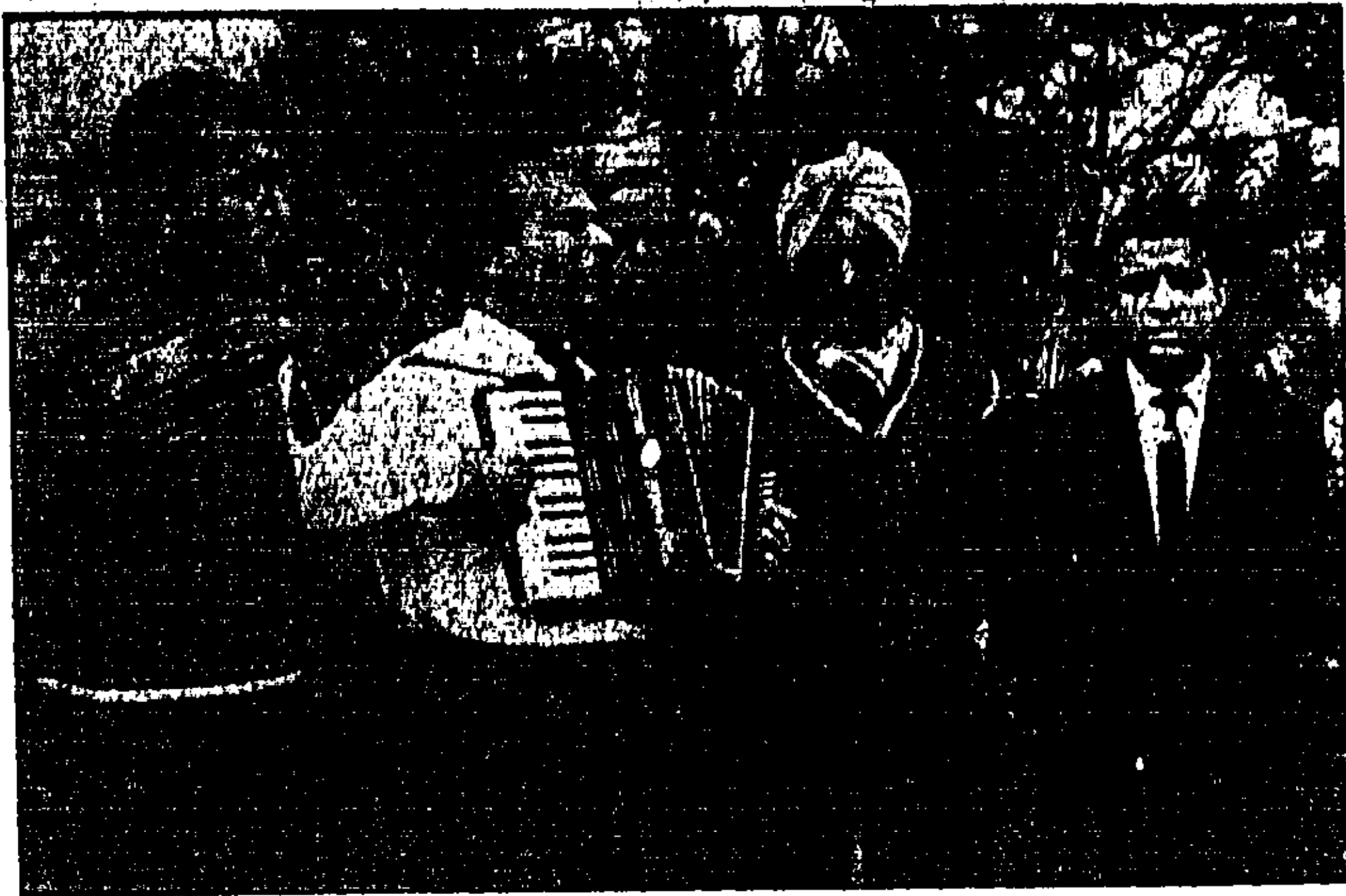
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Indian independence celebrations began early with songs (left) and a flag raising ceremony at the residence of the Indian Commissioner in Jardine's Lookout.

ABOVE: Lady Bastyan with Indian ladies at the charity ball of the Indian Welfare Society.



Mrs R. Kapahi holding out her hand to Mrs R. K. Nehru (left) who is standing beside Dr I. B. Adarkar at a meeting of the newly formed Indian Women's Club.



Baron Povel Ramel (above left), Sweden's leading song writer; Miss Elen Torsoth, prize winning air hostess; and Martin Ljung, Sweden's top comedian take a look at Hongkong. LEFT: Mr B. P. Adarkar with the Governor and Miss Barbara Black at an official reception.



HONGKONG HEPBURN

It took a visit by Mr J. S. Hayes, District Officer, and Mr W. V. Dickinson, Director of Marketing, to open a new school on the island of Kau Sai to discover a very pretty headmistress Miss Yau Choy-lin.

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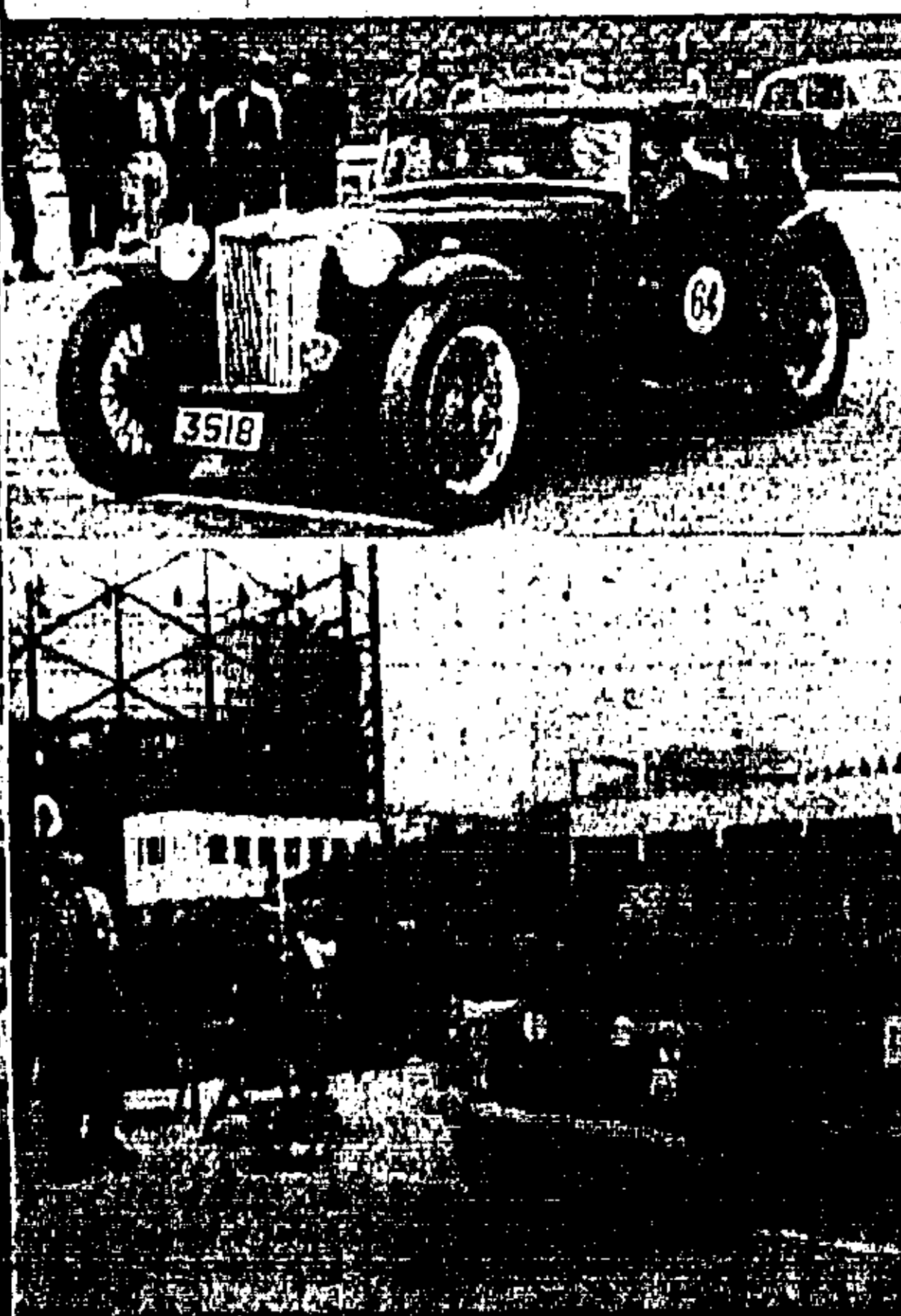
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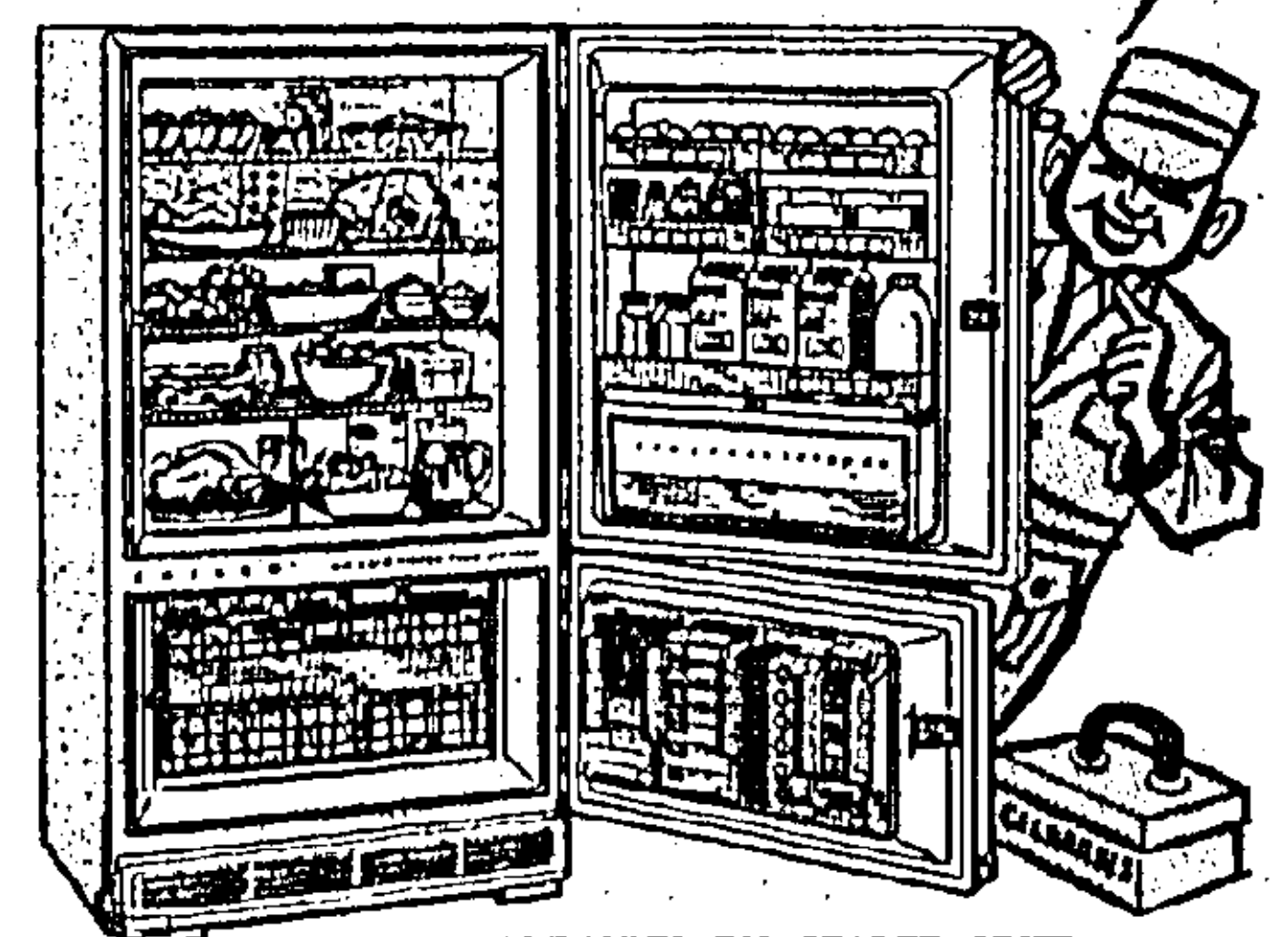


Miss Elisabeth Hulsman and Mr Kam Chung-yun greeting Mr and Mrs J. F. Scott at a reception for Miss Hulsman in the Peninsula. BELOW: Entries for the all-night motor rally of the Hongkong Royal Automobile Association and the H.K. Motor Sports Club reflect different ideas about the business and the sport of motoring.



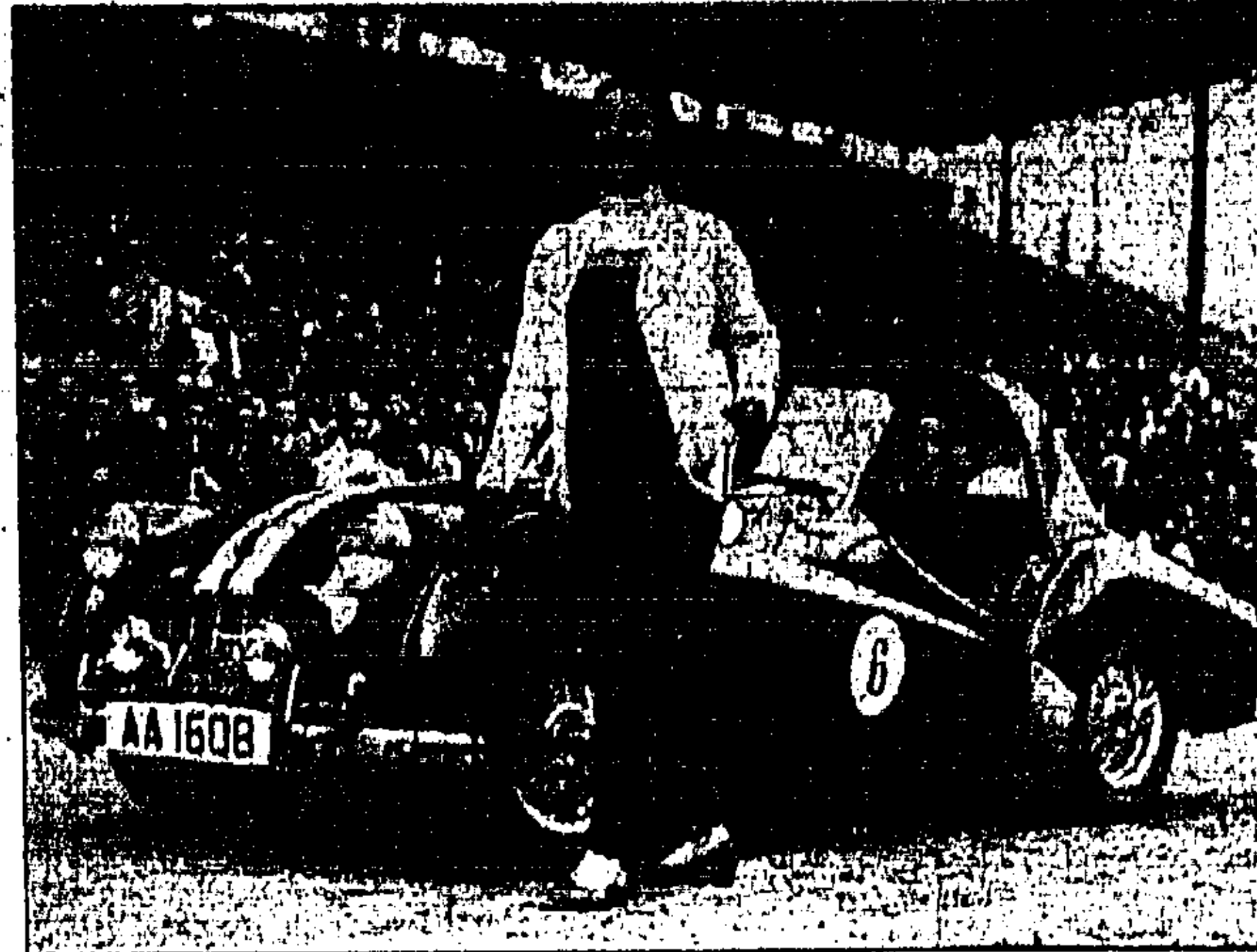
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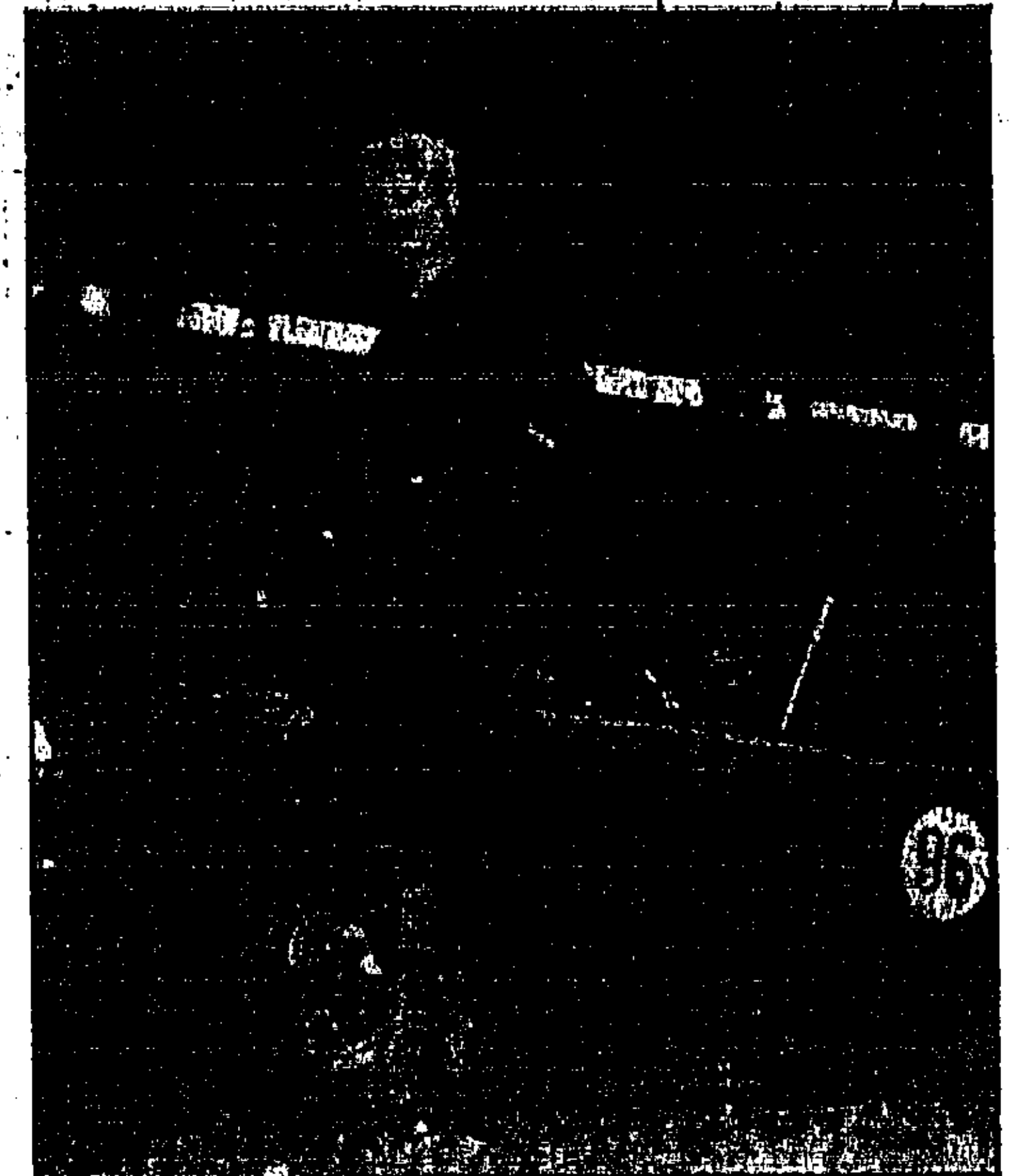
GILMANS
GLOUCESTER ARCADE



CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

Jill Lovatt—TR3 combination (left) walk away with the prize for cars under 2,000 cc presented by the Stan-Vac Oil Co.

Lindy Parks and a Studebaker Champion (far left) combine to win the Grand Prix d'Honneur Concours... the Wah Kiu Yat Po trophy.



Mrs Jo Murray in a black velvet sheath and Ron Hardwick's AC Bristol.



Mr Percy Chen (clapping) and Mr K. P. Chan (right) at the opening of the Chinese Reform Club Clinic in Queen's Road East.



Even the end of a bus can be beautiful—when it's the end the milk comes from. Social worker Dorothy Lee is seen at the dedication of the Lutheran Federation's new mobile canteen.



Julia Yan and Jeffrey Hoy at St Mary's.

RIGHT: Committee meeting for the Women's Day of Prayer. From left, Mrs J. Anderson, Mrs E. E. Walline, and Mrs G. E. Hopo with Mrs F. S. Temple at the Dean's House.



Nicholas Gordon Batty at St John's Cathedral with mother, father, and big sister—Elizabeth. LEFT: Dr Liu Chi-ming and Victoria Yuet Ling-kam at the Rhenish Mission Church. BELOW: Veronica Thompson and Lt John Oswald at St Joseph's.



Mrs S. G. Davis presenting a Government scholarship to Miss Chan Yui-lu at King's College speech day in the school hall.

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MY HOE HAS YET TO UNEARTH A FAIRY BUT...

There are parsnips at the bottom of my garden...

AS I walked out of my front door a bird sang in the pear tree and I saw the soft, green shoot of an early crocus struggling bravely out of the ground.

"Blast!" I said. "The confounded garden has started to grow again."

Under the ground I could visualise a tangle of roots and tiny seeds nestling ready to spring into bloom — nettles, bindweed, dock, and a million other weeds, I almost wept.

The green blades of grass waved in the morning breeze. They were saying to each other in a soft whisper: "In a month's time we'll jam his mower and break his achy back." I kicked the gate post on the way out.

FASCINATING

BUT I love my garden. It has given me great pleasure. The most fascinating vision I have ever seen in it was my neighbour's face the day he put his spade through a wasp's nest. Strictly speaking his face should not have been in my garden. It should have been in his own. But when the wasps rose in a cloud to eat him he burst through the hedge and did not stop until he ran slap into a wheelbarrow.

We gathered round him with various cures. My wife gave him half an onion to rub on his forehead.

"Things with acid in them are what we need," I said learnedly. "I am told that acid is the antidote to wasp poison." When the boy from across the road came running up with a bottle of sulphuric acid from his chemistry set the victim broke away from us and covered behind a rose bush. "Leave me alone," he pleaded, "while I still have a face left."

BLAZING...

WE then decided to burn out the wasps' nest, which was in a corner of the compost heap. But we could not get near enough because the wasps were still in conference all around it.

We managed, though. First we hung a pail of petrol from the end of a garden hose and tilted it into the nest. Next we dropped a blazing rag on to it with another hose. Next we dropped the hoses and ran like the devil because they had caught fire and so had a stretch of wooden fence and a line of washing.

I once decided to dig myself a swimming pool in my garden, working on the principle that water, at least, did not need weeding.



"From now on, everybody in this house eats parsnips."

by WILFRED FIENBURGH
M.P.

Throughout the hours of winter daylight I slaved away scientifically. I drew diagrams and plans around the edges of newspapers. I studied a garden book to find the best kind of shovel to buy. Several times I read through a short article on how to mix waterproof cement.

And I stood for hours looking out of the sitting-room window working out the best position for the high-diving board.

After four months I did not seem to be making much progress, so I packed in the whole lot and bought a bird bath. I had better luck with the fruit and vegetable garden. I brought many packets of seed — parsnips, turnips, kohlrabi, lettuce, beetroot, passion fruit (just an experiment) and carrot. The trouble was I could not bear to waste any of the seed. By the time I had planted 62 rows of parsnip I had no room for the turnip, kohlrabi, lettuce, beetroot, passion fruit and carrot.

Soon we had a quarter of an acre of parsnips. One day I dug one out and, to surprise my wife, I cooked it myself, garnished it with a pound of butter, and put it on the table in a silver dish.

"What," asked my wife, "is that?" "That," I said modestly, "is our first parsnip. I grew it. We have many more where that came from. Two and a half tons roughly."

"But in this house," said my wife, "no one eats parsnips." I thought of my aching back, my hours of labour, and my packets of seeds.

"From now on," I shouted, "EVERYBODY IN THIS HOUSE EATS PARSNIPS—AND ENJOYS IT."

The passion for gardening is deeply rooted in me. When I lived in Sloane Square, Chelsea, I shared the house with a Viscount whom I shall call Viscount Blank because he might not like to see his real name in the papers.

One day we decided to have some window boxes. We built them easily enough and then we tried to get earth for them. It was not easy. Earth is seldom offered for sale in the shops of Chelsea.

So one night we put on sweaters and slacks, slung the coal shovel in the car and drove to Clapham Common. In no time at all we had dug ourselves a car-bent full of what we gardeners call a soft friable loam and other people call dirt.

Coming back over the Albert Bridge at 1.30 in the morning we were stopped by a policeman.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to the shovel.

"A shovel," said the viscount. The policeman nodded as though his suspicions had been confirmed.

"And what," he asked, "have you got in the boot?"

"Earth," said the viscount. The policeman blinked twice and reached for his notebook.

"Don't try to be funny. What is your name and address?"

"My name," said the viscount, "is Jocelyn, third Viscount Blank of Blankton in the County of Blankshire, and I always find the House of Lords to be a convenient address."

THE RESULTS

"JUST one more crack like that," said the policeman impatiently, "and you'll be Viscount 69421 and you'll find Wormwood Scrubs a more convenient address."

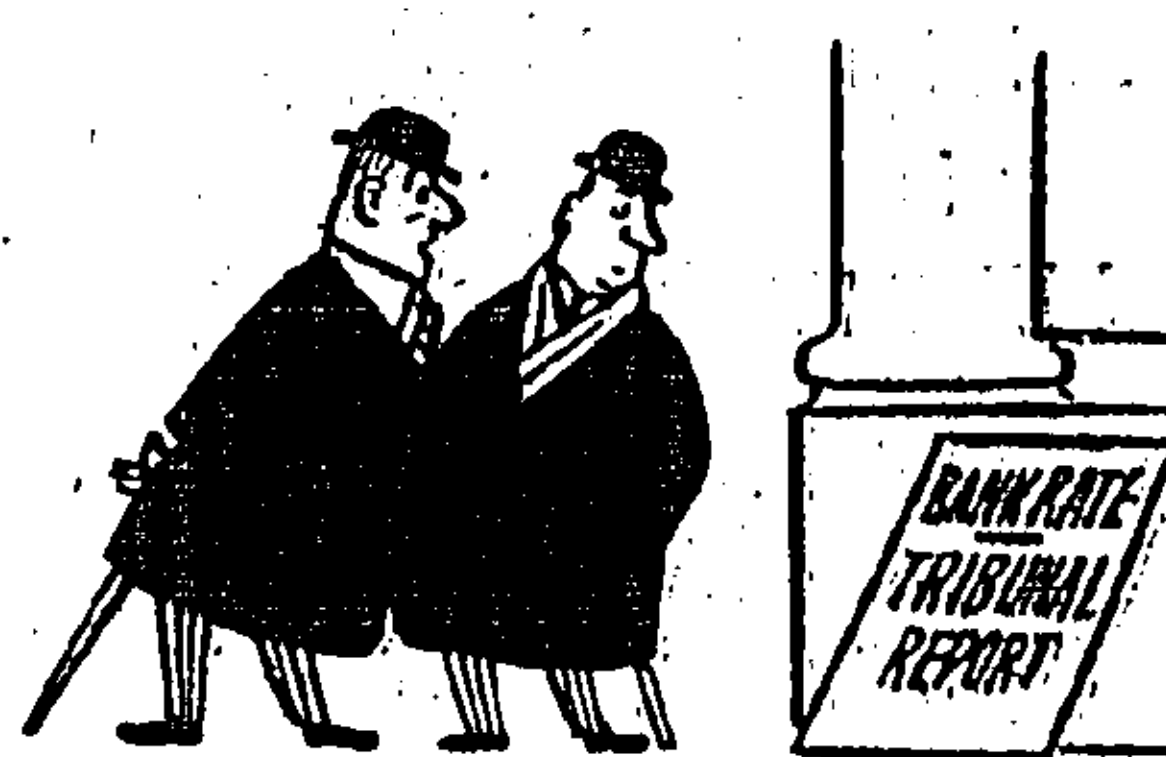
I have now expanded beyond the window-box. My present garden is equal to 3,000 window-boxes, one soccer pitch and a site of public park. For the next eight months I shall lavish care upon it, spraying, dilling, pruning and weeding, inspired by a passionate devotion to all of nature's tender little plants.

And then I shall stand back and survey the results...

BLISTERS, BACKACHE AND BROKEN FINGER NAILS.



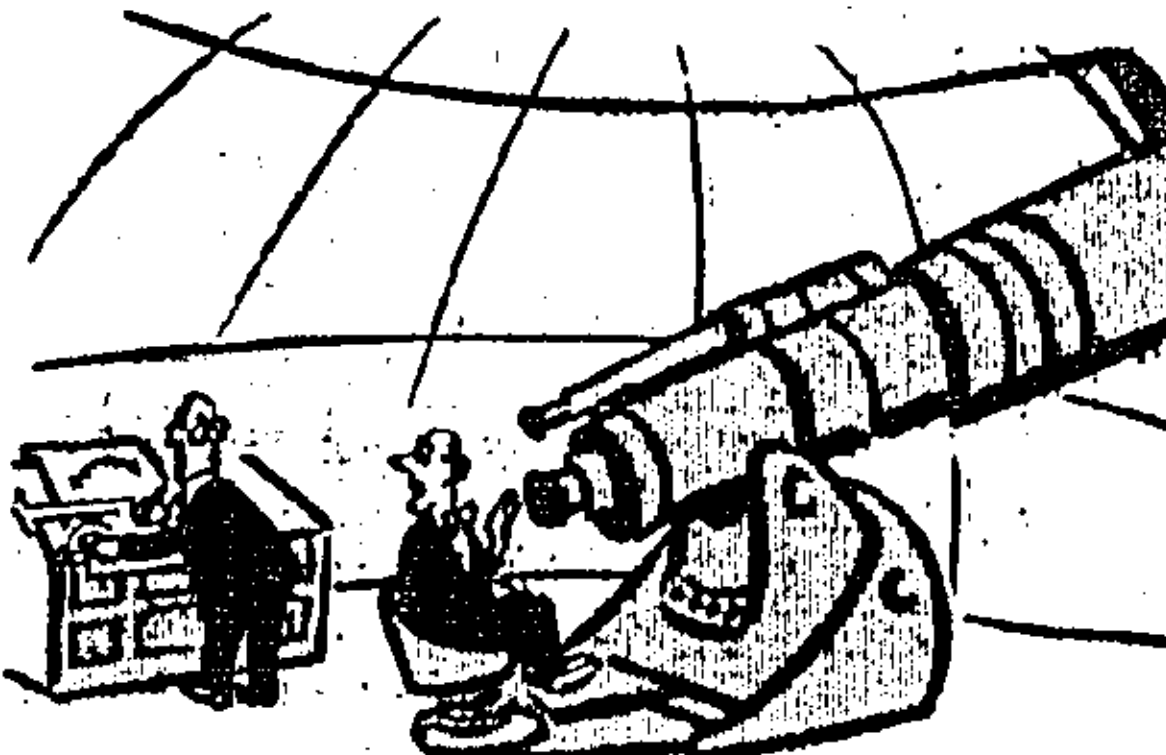
"Courage, gentlemen! Another little local difficulty the Prime Minister left behind!"



"Of course I'm glad everyone has been exonerated and all that—but I think they might have added an Honours List."



"As I see it, we need a grand strategy to combine action against Inflation, Deflation and Dulles."



"Astronomical Disturbance! It's either the Russian Satellite coming down or the American Budget going up!"



"You can't stay away just because you have a shocking cold... but you could go and mingle with the Opposition."



"The President has agreed to Heads of State talks provided the spade work is done by their assistants."



"All right, it being a TV star isn't enough, how about having Annigon paint his portrait?"

THE DAYS WHEN SHANGHAI DIED

The tale of the end of an era

IN "Shanghai Episode" Mr Lucian Taire sets out to describe the years 1949 to 1955, which cover the taking of that city by the Communist Army up to the time Mr Lucian left.

Personally I read the book with immense interest. Unlike Mr Taire, I was fairly recent in Shanghai when the city changed hands, and also I lacked the point of view that so many Shanghai people had who were either born there, or had been residents for years.

The book is well written. There is no over dramatization of events. Things are described just as they occurred. Let us take that part which deals with the Communist occupation. Lucian Taire dismisses it in one line. There was almost no fighting. Excellent. Most people imagine a bloody battle raged for weeks and the ground was fought over. Not at all. It was surrendered by a demoralised force with scarcely a shot fired. In fact the night the Communist Army entered, Shanghai was lit up almost as brightly as is Hongkong. From there on, the first part of the book deals with the reduction of the city by Communist pressure. First

by dealing with a number of people, and telling their experiences before these new forces, Mr Taire tries to give the typical attitude towards the Communist Government.

Part II of the book deals with the death of the city.

by John Luff

Mr Taire claims that this episode which occurred between the years 1951 and 1953 was due to two external causes, or was at least hastened by them. The near completion of the Communists' land-reform policy, and the Korean War, Mr Taire refrains from comment on the latter, saying he knew little of it, of the latter he knew indirectly insofar as the War Budget affected city economy.

The part that will appeal to the student of Communist methods will

be found in the relating of incidents known to Mr Taire, and their value is enhanced that the author relates them as he sees them without trying to interpret the whys and wherefores. Among the most interesting of the features discussed are the Courts of Justice and the influence of the Russian Advisers. There is a further section that deals with the treatment of religions and the religious, but Mr Taire goes into few details.

Part III of the work is the smallest, and is addressed to such incidents as the reception given to foreign delegations, and in particular the visit made by the British Labour Party. Only in the final two pages does Mr Taire permit himself the luxury of commenting upon the situation

from a personal point of view. In this he shows the contradiction of an Alien ideology upon the Chinese people he describes as a resilient, individualistic people.

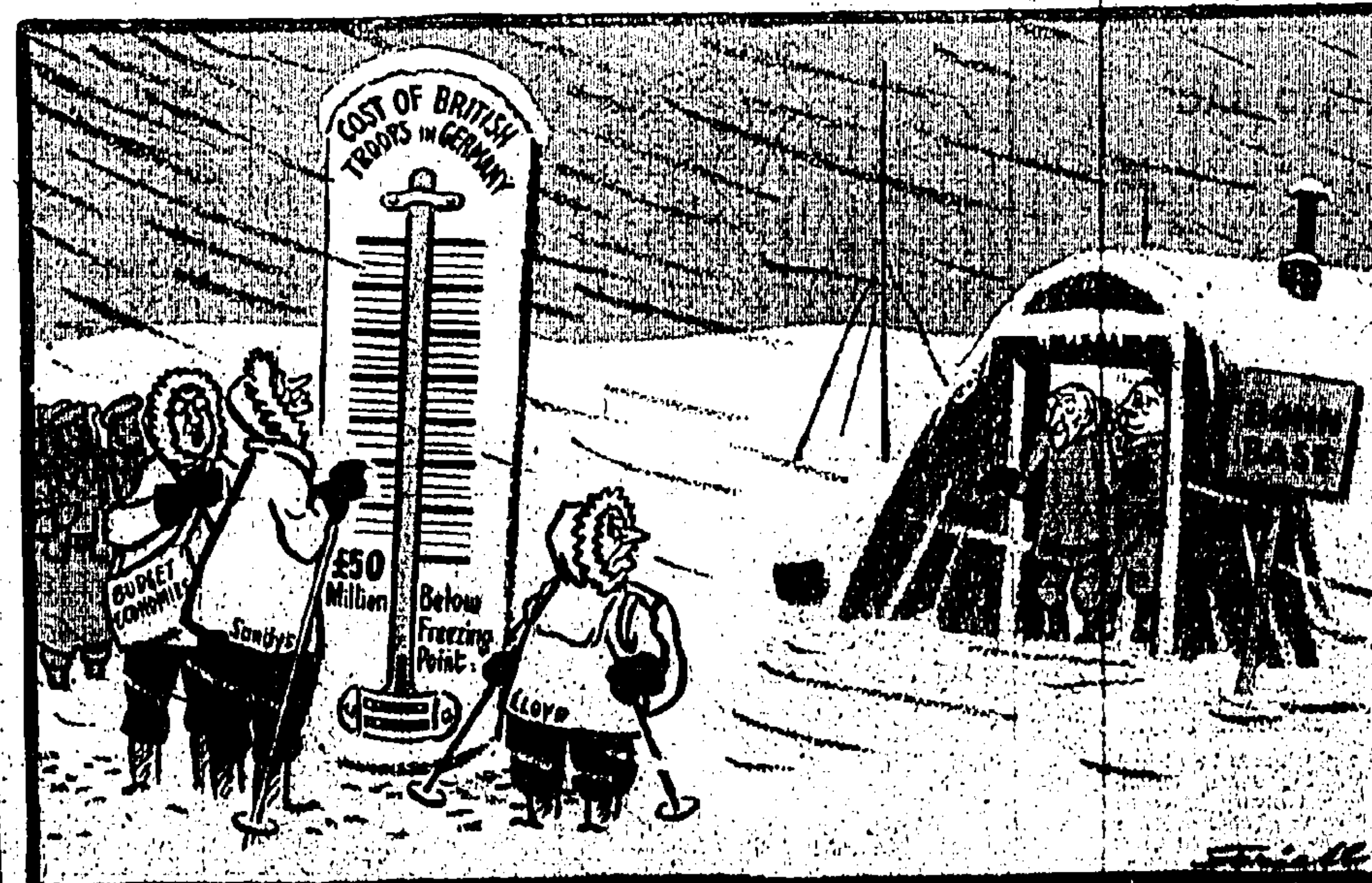
Mr Taire points to the rising in Budapest, and does not consider it impossible that the youth of China might rise against the present Government. His

final paragraph returns to business, and here Mr Taire speaks dogmatically. "No one can do profitable business with the Communists. The final sentence contains Mr Taire's warning, 'The world should realise what they are trying to cover up.'"

Let me try to estimate this book in relation to its value to the reading public. As a personal account of a person caught up in the avalanche of revolutionary forces, it is really excellent. It is excellent for the same reason to the student of Political Science in that the author makes no attempt to analyse the very forces which overwhelmed him and many others placed in a similar position. There is about the book an air of mystification which seems almost naive to any to whom the methods of the professional revolutionary forces of Communism are known.

But had the author tried to explain what was happening, without the necessary knowledge of the theories of the Communists, the book would have been considerably weakened. As it is, it is a splendid documentary which the casual reader can dip into with interest, and the more intense reader can relate in the light of political knowledge.

SHANGHAI EPISODE by Lucian Taire
published by Rainbow Press, Hongkong



"The question is, gentlemen, can we afford to carry on in these dreadful wastes without help?"

THE MAN WHO LEARNED ABOUT RECORDS IN
HIS FATHER'S EAST END SHOP IS NOW MAKING
MILLION-COPY SUCCESSES

Mr Levy shows there's room at the top for the little man

by RAMSDEN GREIG

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a sagging Decca record company got a new boss—a 30-year-old City stockbroker called Edward Roberts Lewis. Until then he had never heard of Bing Crosby. But Ted Lewis brought his new company up off its knees.

In 1956 it had a turnover of £13 million. Its trading profits were £1,780,000. Business booms, too, in the other recording companies.

And there is still room in the business for the small man.

CHOPIN SOLO

I called at an old and elegant block of flats just off Baker Street to discover how Morris Levy was making out. Morris Levy bosses Oriole Records, Levy, the man who has those frantic skiffers Nancy Whiskey and Chas McDevitt under contract, was playing Chopin in the Georgian green drawing-room. A coloured maid was serving tea.

Levy said: "Before the boom my company was £20,000 in the red. Today the business is worth at least a quarter of a million pounds. When our profits for this year are worked out I will have great pleasure showing them to people who called me a fool to go into the record-making business. The profits should be quite startling."

Morris Levy opened his record factory just 12 years ago. He said: "I couldn't have picked a worse time to start making gramophone records. The war had just ended and there was no new equipment to be had anywhere. We literally built the place secondhand out of a secondhand lot."

A comparatively new boy in the business of making records, 56-year-old Morris Levy has, however, spent his whole working life among gramophone records.

That started when he left school at 14 to work for his father who sold records from a small shop in the East End.

"Father was something of a record-maker, too," Morris Levy said. "As far back as 1903 he was putting music on cylinder records."

MIXED BAG

By 1931 young Levy had saved enough to open his own recording studios. He said: "The first man I ever recorded was Harry Roy. As I recall it, it was rather a risqué number. Decca made the actual records for us in those days—at tenpence a time. I decided that that was no way to make vast profits and was thinking about starting my own factory when the war broke out."

Morris Levy stopped recording risqué numbers and was contracted by the BBC to record many of its war-time radio programmes.

Not Harry Roy, but Sir Winston Churchill and Quentin Reynolds stood in front of Levy's microphones during the war.

"Now these were recordings to cherish," said Morris Levy.

From the plush sofa he plucked up two of his latest Oriole releases—20th Century Mass (a recording of the controversial modern Mass performed last year at St. George's, Canterbury) and The Intoxicating Miss Whiskey and said: "But then it takes all sorts of records to make a world."



MORRIS LEVY—only myself to blame.

THE BOOM in LONDON'S



What can a record company expect to make on a million sales? Said Morris Levy: "A clear profit of £3,000 wouldn't be far off the mark."

"A good boy is 'Russ,'" said Levy with feeling. When the music for Salad Days was hooked around the big recording companies no one wanted to buy. The King and I, they said, would sell as a long player, but not the music from an English musical.

BELIEF ESSENTIAL

Morris Levy, however, put another of his elegant silk shirts on that one. It sold 60,000 copies at 9s. 10½d. a time.

"When I believe in anything I'll gamble all I've got on it," Morris Levy said. "It's the only way to make a go of the recording business these days."

I recall that Edward Roberts Lewis once said something similar. "Never be afraid," Lewis said, "of committing yourself to do something you believe in. Once you are committed, you have got to get on with it."

Next Week

The formula for the song that means a million records.

—(London Express Service).

THE BOY WHO KNEW THE SEATING PLAN IN HEAVEN

THE LONG SUNDAY. By Peter Fletcher. Faber. 13s. 6d. 188 pages.

THE chapel was bigger than the town, in the boyish eyes of Peter Fletcher.

The town lay somewhere on the east coast, with a population of about 50,000. At a guess, it was a dreary place. But the chapel was the ante-room of Heaven, the citadel of the Elect, the Sanctuary of the Saved, who had strenuously and exultantly reached it through the tumult of Conversion.

For young Peter Fletcher it was the pulsing heart of his emotional life and, thanks to John Wesley, the centre of the world.

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON EVENING STANDARD BOOK CRITIC

Doubt begins

Fletcher is now a Harley Street consultant in psychology, with all that this implies of knowledge or half-knowledge of odd quirks of the human mind.

From this eminence, he looks back on his childhood in the days before the 1914-18 war, and with some regret but no excess of sympathy.

These chapters of autobiography describe one of the varieties of religious experience—the ending of a boy's loyalty to the faith he was reared in.

At one time, Peter could have told you without any hesitation the seating arrangements in Heaven. Bang in the front row were the Wesleyan Methodists.

Congregationalists were in the next favoured position: they did not worry enough about their souls. To more eccentric and childish groups like Primitive Methodists, Baptists and Salvationists, his attitude was one of toleration. No doubt John Wesley would overlook their little peculiarities and count them among the blessed.

No excuse

The Church of England, catering for "nominal Christians"—did not come off so well. Roman Catholics were on the very fringe of outer darkness—were they Christian at all?

Worst of all was the plight of the Anglo-Catholics. The Roman Catholics might be excused on the grounds of ignorance but Anglo-Catholics ought to know better.

Secure in the Wesleyan fold, young Peter Fletcher lived with his parents—his warm-hearted, "difficult" credulous mother and his depressed, dyspeptic father, a dispensing chemist who "obliged" at the organ on Sun-

days when the regular performer could not officiate.

At regular intervals, the chapel seethed with drama. In an organised campaign of evangelism, it set out to "save" the town. "Spit in their eyes, Oh Lord, spit in their eyes and make the go-and-sell see!" shouted an old Wesleyan war-horse at the preliminary prayer-meeting. The petition, carelessly phrased as it might be, was discussed for months after the excitement of the campaign were over and forgotten.

Subtle appeal

It had not "saved" the town: it had, however, caused Peter Fletcher some mental confusion. "One of the subtlest temptations is the desire for that freedom from responsibility which is to be had by submerging one's identity in the corporate will of the crowd."

Another shock to faith came when his family's meagre capital was stolen by a fraudulent American lodger, a bogus professor of ophthalmology who had captivated his mother. An even more shattering experience was at hand.

One day in the early spring of 1914, the boy, watching the turmoil of a stormy sunset, was visited by a prophetic vision. The world was moving towards war. It was as if a voice had uttered the words in his ear.

A few months later, his prophecy came true. The Long Sunday was over. In the army he was embroiled in a world vastly more complex than anything the chapel and its values had prepared him for.

This honest account of his boyhood, easy to read, at times amusing, lacks the power of

evocation. It is a shade too cool, clinical and thin-blooded. Yet, this backward glance is faintly tinged with regret. The Long Sunday is something he escaped from. It is also something he has lost.

Historic struggle

THE MEDDLESOME PRIAR. By Michael de la Badoyere. Collins. 18s. 256 pages.

THE conflict re-told in this book is one of the great dramas of pre-Reformation Christendom—the struggle between the Florentine friar Savonarola and the Borgin Pope Alexander VI.

Savonarola had obtained an extraordinary power over the people of Florence by fiery sermons denouncing the vices of society and Church, and promising punishments to come. He made bonfires of "vanities"—playing-cards, indecent books,

carnival masks, etc. At last he went too far—he denounced the crimes of Pope Alexander.

Lately the brushes of the whitewashers have been busy with the Borgin family. Lucrozia Borgin was, it seems, very nearly a saint. Cesare was a fine soldier, if a shade impulsive in his methods. As for Alexander, he was, in part the victim of scandal-mongers.

Vital moment

Between Savonarola and Alexander the balance, whether of morals or power, was unevenly held. Alexander waited until the monk's popularity began to wane and then had him burned at the stake.

Was the end? Nineteen years later Martin Luther uttered his challenge to the corruptions of the Church, and the Reformation was under way. But in his dramatic and readable account Badoyere does not look so far ahead as that.

—(London Express Service).

FICTION SHELF BY PHILIP DAKES

THE SEDUCTIVE MIRROR

By Leonard Mosley. Barker. 11s. 6d. Sad contemporary variation on the theme of you can't go home again. What happens to Christopher Lane, a flashy London theatre director, when he returns to his birthplace—a Lancashire slum—and discovers a son he did not know existed. Melodrama, boldly handled, with a fine narrative flair.

THREE WINDOWS ON SUMMER

By Peter Sourlas. Macmillan. 15s. First novel by a 24-year-old writer about a long hot summer in which three people—a young captain, his friend—learn the bitter-sweet facts of life. A most moving account of the end of innocence told in strong, conscious prose.

THE LOST SEA

By Jan De Hartog. Hamish Hamilton. 15s. 6d. A short perfect book about a salt-water childhood in a drowned land. A wide-eyed reminiscence of the great fishing fleets that once sailed the Zuy-

der Zee (now drained off by canals), and the "top-headed" cabin boys—called "sea-mice"—who came of age in the coppery, Original, imaginative and engaging.

FIVE MEN AND A SWAN

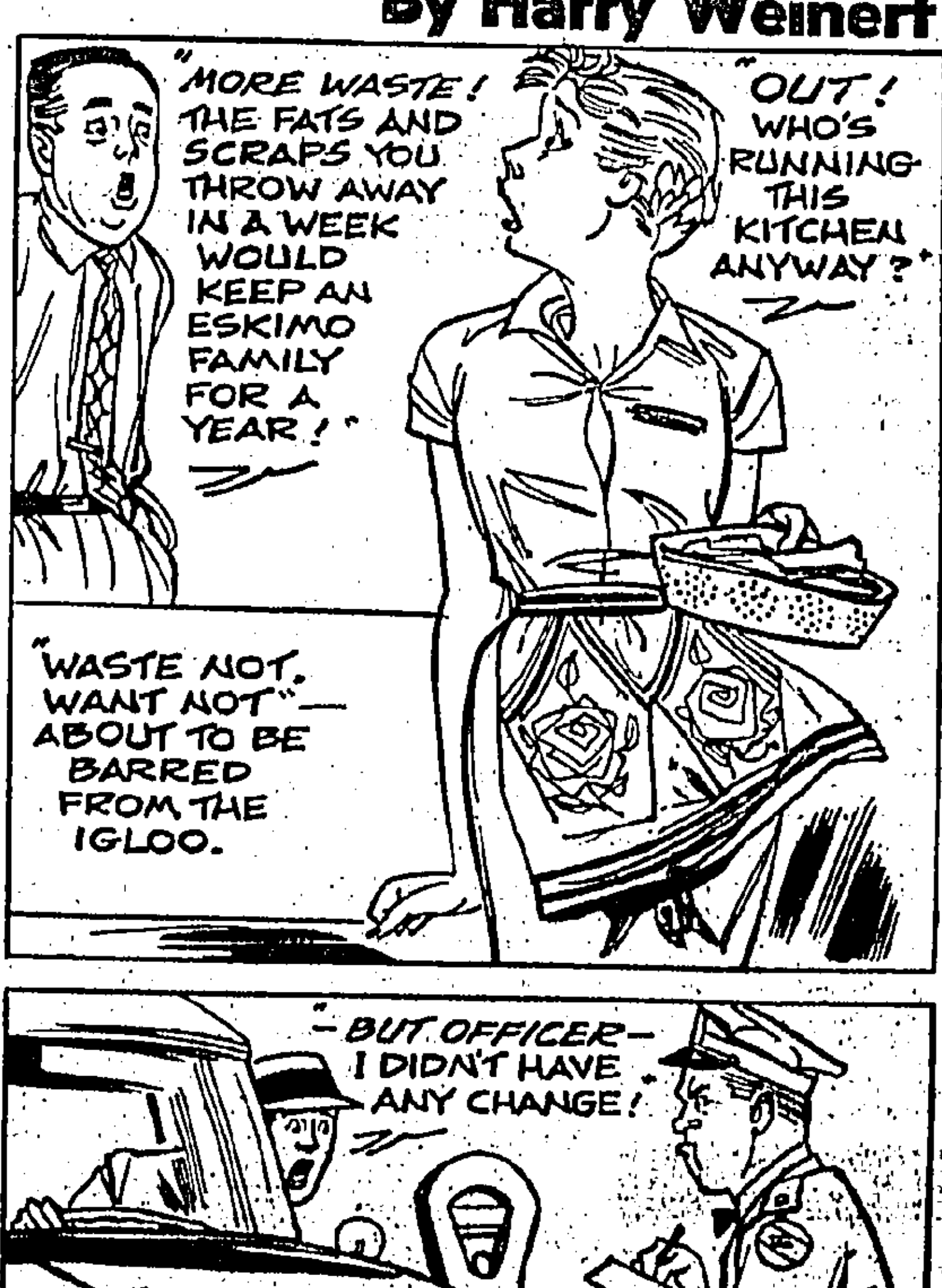
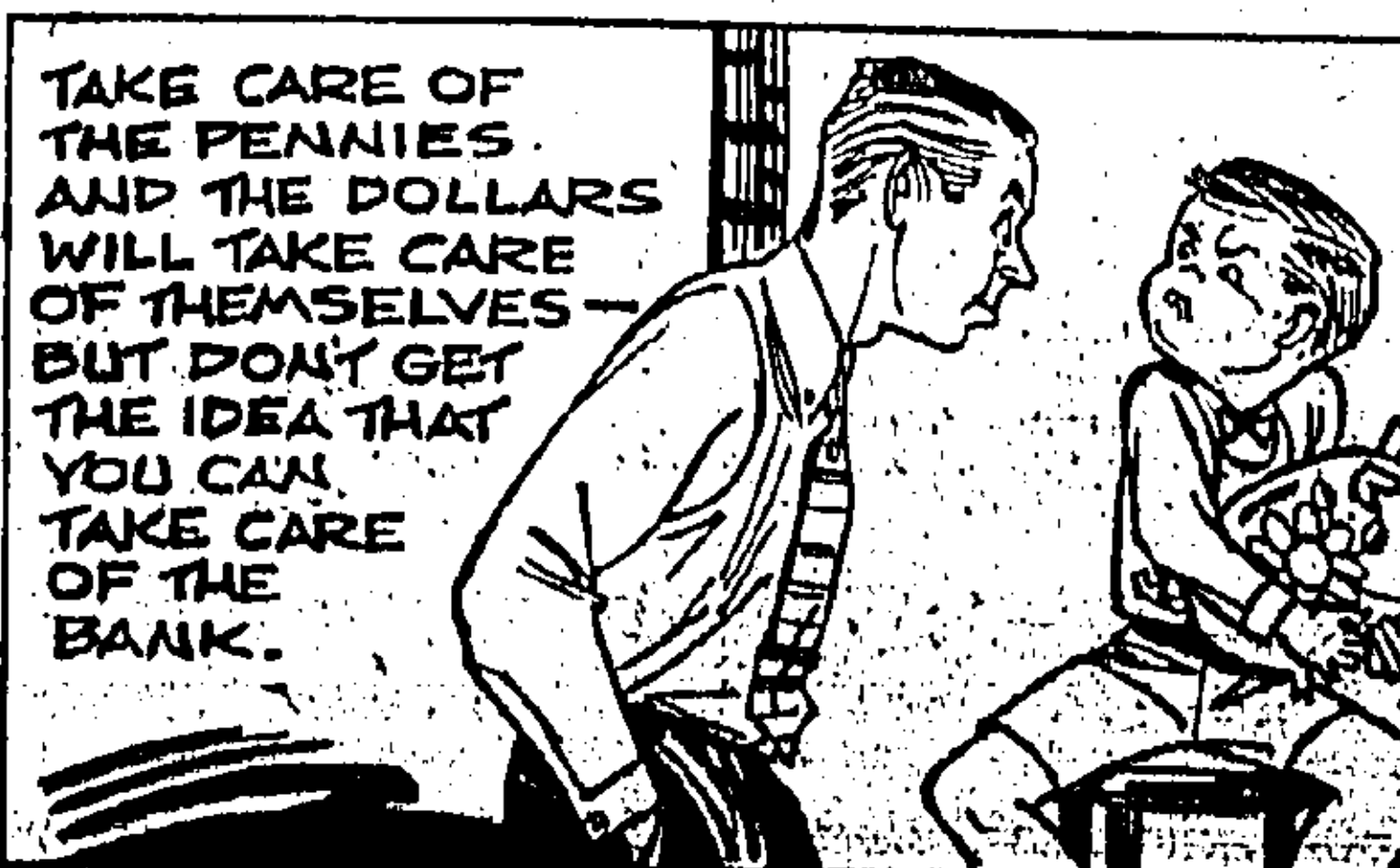
By Naomi Mitchison. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. Thirteen stories drawn from a thousand years of Scottish life, with themes ranging from clan warfare to a Victorian shipper saved from debt by a TV quiz. Best of all, the little story about a fisherman, whose enchanted bride turns from a swan to a woman only once a month, by the light of a full moon.

SUN IN THE HUNTER'S EYES

By Naomi Mitchison. Collins. 12s. 6d. Tough and satisfying suspense novel with a young writer whose play flops, chasing off to Malaya. In search of a missing heir. Attempted murder by drugging, drowning and burning. Well staged climax with jungle Communists joining in the chase.

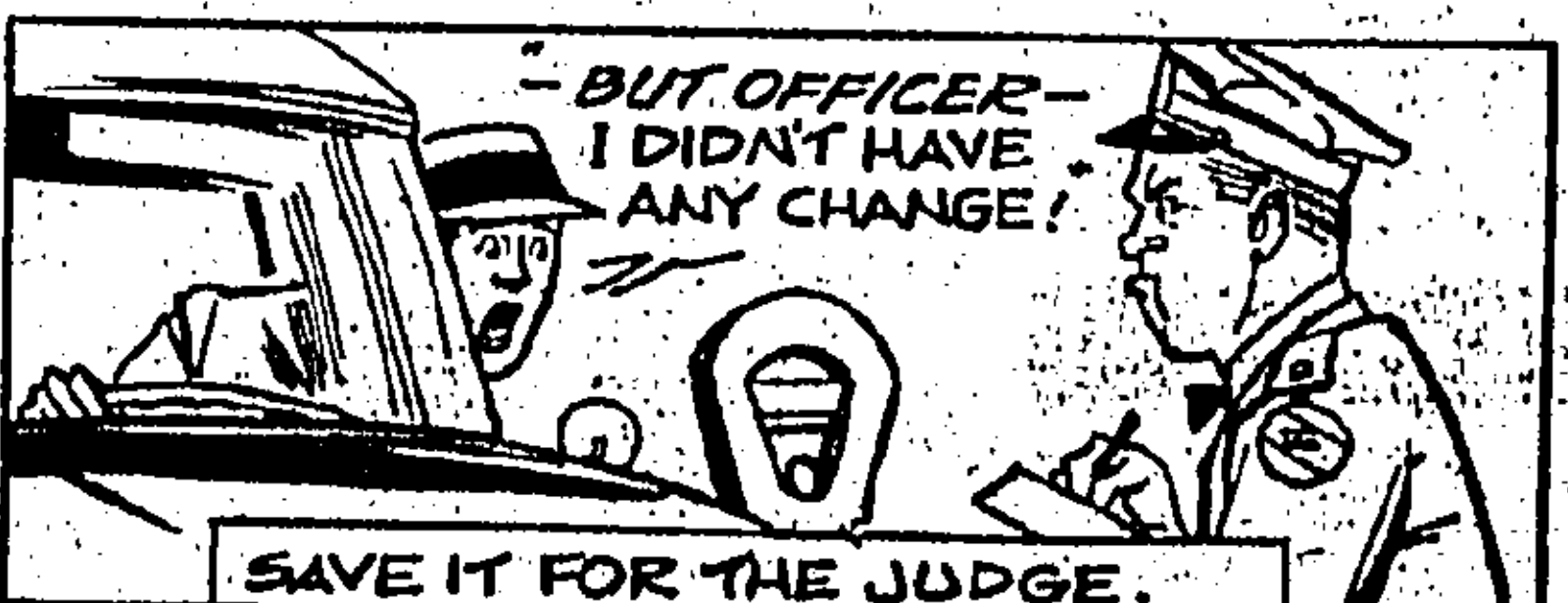
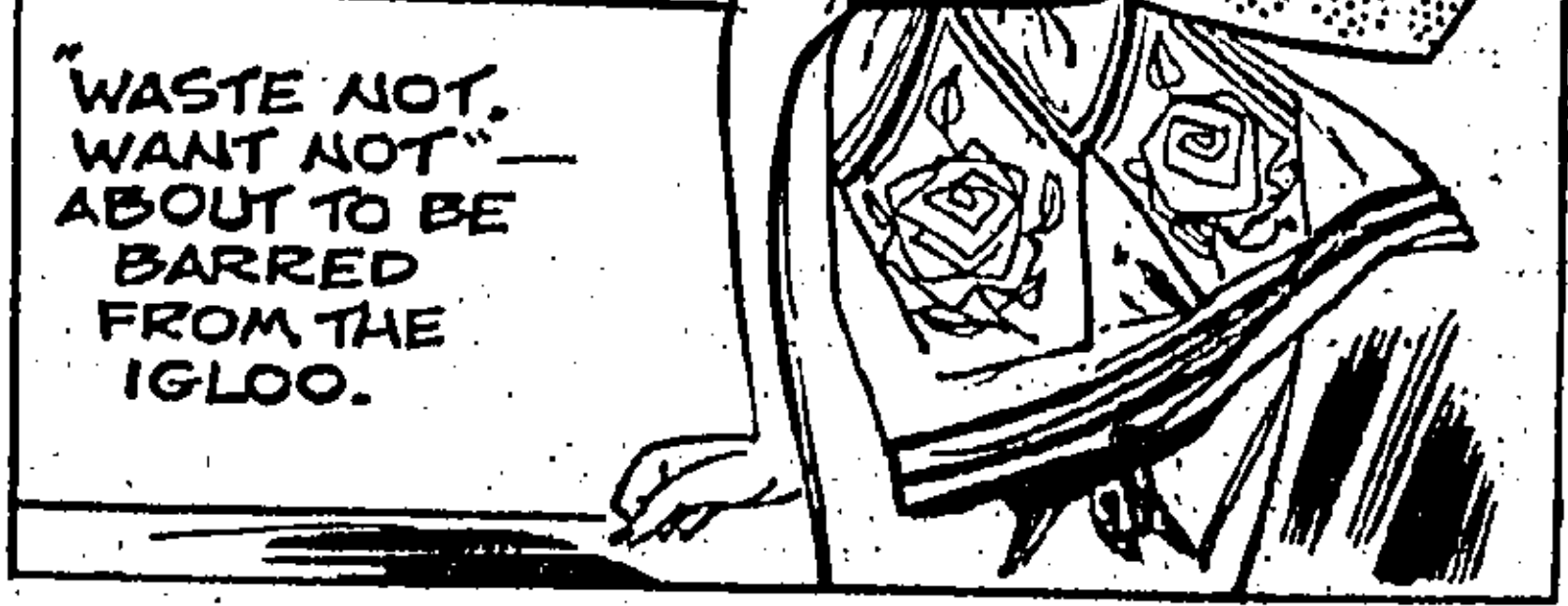
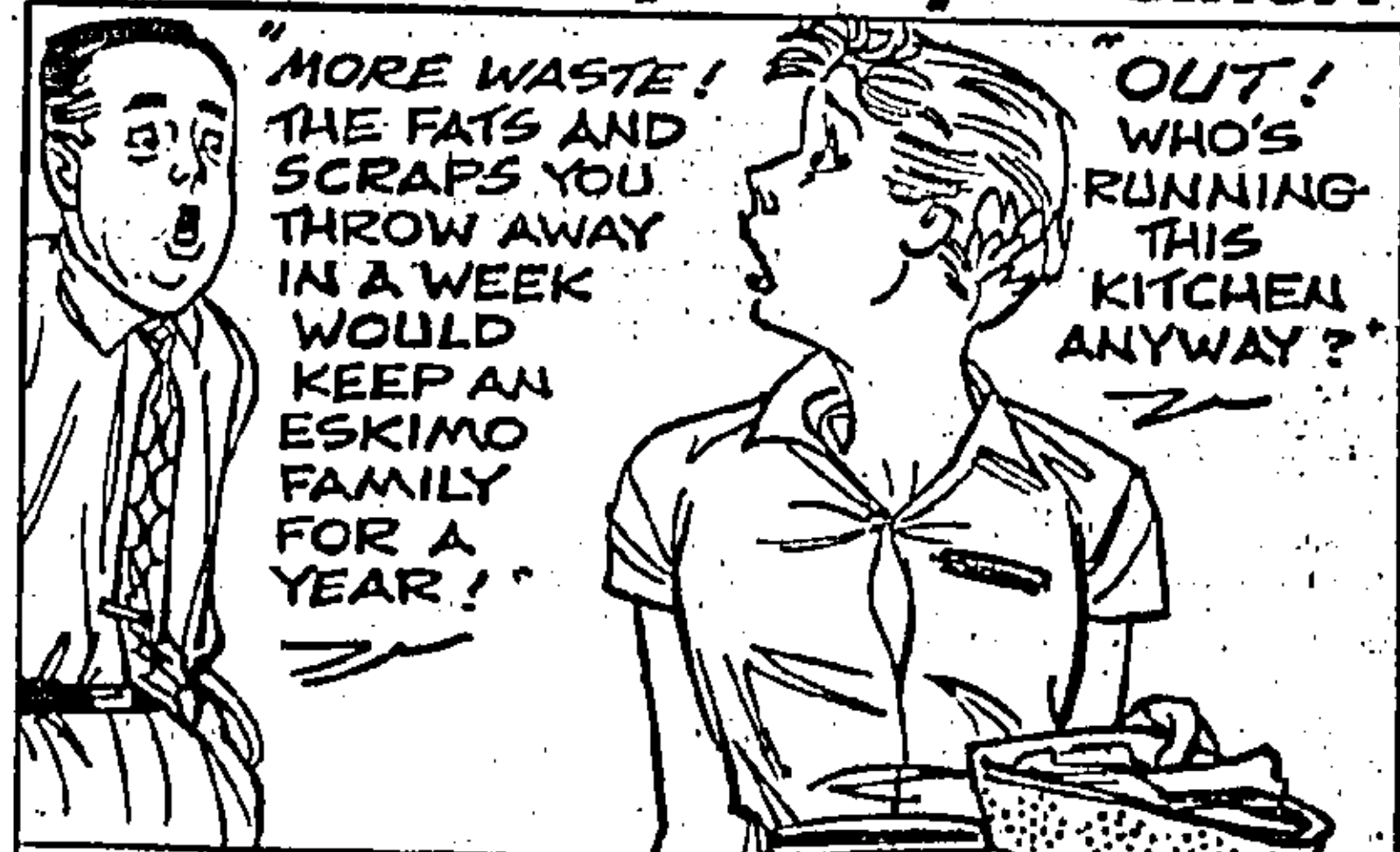
—(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



The Thrift Habit

By Harry Weinert



RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

BORODIN
Symphony No. 2 in B Minor
And TCHAIKOVSKY: Suite No. 1 in D Minor. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.

GLAZUNOV
Ballet Suite: The Seasons
Roger Desormiere conducting The French National Symphony Orchestra.

STRAVINSKY
Firebird
Igor Stravinsky conducting The New York Philharmonic with Vera Zorina, Richard Robinson, The Westminster Choir, Dr. John Kinley Williamson, Director.

BALAKIREV
Symphony No. 1 in C Major
Sir Thomas Beecham conducting The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

REMSKY-KORSAKOV
The Tale of Tsar Saltan — May Night — Russian Easter Festival. Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.

RACHMANINOV
The Bells: The Isle of Dead
Frances Yeend (Soprano) — David Lloyd (Tenor) — Mack Harrell (Baritone) — The Temple University Choir. Elaine Brown, Director. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

MOUTRIES

15 Chater Road, Hong Kong Tel. 20527
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon Tel. 63019

CLUB PLAY ARMY THIS AFTERNOON

Two Good Games In The Pentangular Rugby Tournament

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon the two titans of the Pentangular Tournament, Club and Army, meet for the first time on the Police ground at Boundary Street at 4.15 p.m. This is the game which will attract the crowds, for with two such closely matched teams an exciting spectacle is expected, and on the result of this match much hinges.

The Club, with a point in the lead, need only a win here to be well in the running for top place in the Pentangular Table.

In the other Pentangular game, on the same ground at 3 p.m., the Police are at home to the RAF, and this should be another thriller for both sides are fighting strongly to force their way higher up the table.

Two minor games are also scheduled for this afternoon on the Army ground at Boundary Street. At 3 p.m. Club "B" face RAF.

"B" in the curtain-raiser, and at 4.15 p.m. an Army XV meets with a Navy XV. This is not the proper Navy XV, but a mixture of some of the usual players with a leavening of newcomers.

How They Stand

The Pentangular Table now looks like this.

Club	P	W	D	L	Pts
Club	2	0	0	0	0
Army	2	1	0	0	3

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 8th February, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 8 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only or by written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 7th February, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any right whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at: Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street on: Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday, 8th February 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon on: Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday, 8th February 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

The Pick Of Seven Games Is Between Warriors And Chinese Athletics

By "TIME OUT"

In all sports there has to be a period during the playing season when the so-called "weak" teams engage in fixtures against the League leaders and the inevitable feeling, from the spectator's point of view anyway, is one of sheer boredom because of the obvious superiority of one team over the other.

Softball is no exception to the general rule and this week-end's programme offers little scope for surprise results if we are to follow the form-book. The top-of-the-table teams in all three divisions will be matched against mediocre opposition and there should be no changes in the League standings for the time being.

The pick of a poor schedule of seven games is that between the Penant-contending Warriors and the rejuvenated Chinese Athletics down for 3.30 p.m. tomorrow.

One Junior game is down for decision this afternoon at 3.30 p.m. and six other League games are scheduled for tomorrow. The War Eagles start the ball rolling today when they come up against some very stiff opposition in the form of Fred Diesta's PI Dodgers.

The Eagles can thank their lucky stars that the relegation system is not in use in local softball because without the shadow of a doubt they are certain to be awarded the title of "Wooden Spoonists" this season. This team has slipped so badly, this season that one can only shake a head in disbelief when informed that these are the same Eagles who placed third in the minor division just last season. Their present position in the League surprises many who follow the sport because they are a much better fielding and batting side than the one which fared so well during the 1957-58 season.

A possible explanation is that they allow too many runs to be scored against them in one inning and lack finishing power, as was amply demonstrated in many games when they needed just one or two runs to win but failed to exert extra efforts. A game in question was that against the Dodgers who beat them by a solitary run.

Star Hurler

On the other hand the Dodgers, under the steady influence of mentor-coach Fred Diesta, have been playing like a team. Their star hurler Reuben Despa is the man of the moment in Junior League circles and will be assigned the pitching chores against the Eagles. The temperamental Despa is either superb on the mound or he doesn't pitch at all. All the Dodgers need from him is just one or two runs to win but he goes to the Filipino side.

Sports Diary

TODAY

UI Schmidt, Australian Davis Cup player, in exhibitions at CRC at 2.30 p.m.

Festival ASP and CC Indoor Sports Festival at Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre from 3 p.m.

Athletics Annual Inter-Faculty meeting of the HKU at Pokfulam at 2.15 p.m.

RAF v Police (Police BS) 3 p.m.; Club v Army (Police BS) 4.15 p.m.; RAF "B" v Club "B" (Army BS) 3 p.m.; 16 L.A. and 1 Green Howards v Royal Navy (Army BS) 1.15 p.m.

Hockey League - League "A" victories (Red) 3.30 p.m.; Recruit "B" v Kings (Red) 4 p.m.; KGV v Grenada (Red) 2.30 p.m.

Cricket 1st Division - Navy v Recruit HKCC Opusians v CCC; Army North v Army South; RAF v HKCC Opusians; KCC v Police.

2nd Division - DBS v RAF; Army North v KGV; KCC v Navy v KCC; Opusians v Army South; Opusians v HKCC.

The third round of the Ladies' League gets under way at 10.00 a.m. tomorrow when South China meets CAA. The Coroners should complete their hat-trick in victories, having already beaten the Athletics roundly twice before. Similarly, on the "A" diamond, Frank Wong's University boys take time out from studies to tackle the Eagles' brother team, the Wah Ying.

The Wah Ying have already given two walkovers as intercollegiate fixtures and who can blame them? They have only one victory in 13 starts and it must be discouraging to be on the losing side week after week. However, let us hope that manager J. F. Yeung musters a bit of spirit in the game, because peripatetic fans want to see a ball game and win or lose it isn't the result that matters but the playing of the game.

Not So Hopeless

The Wah Ying are not so hopeless a side as one should imagine because they almost upset the strong Dodgers earlier this season. If they take the right attitude to the game, the University may not have everything their own way.

At 11.30 a.m. the Senior League Champions, the Salts, take on South China who have yet to score a win in 7 games played to date. Only an invulnerable pitcher would keep his fingers crossed for an upset victory. The Salts pack too much power at the plate and ex-Junior pitcher Willie Christo faces the unenviable task of facing them on the mound. The Joys will breeze through this game for victory. Number Nine.

At 1.45 p.m. the red-shirted Hurricanes meet the Overseas ladies in what has been a losing match. The latter lack merciless beatings every other week but come back for more. They have played 4 games so far, excluding the three walkovers given by them, and all have been of 6-inning duration. On the debit side the record reads 1 shut-out, 1 no-hitter and 2 losses, but on the credit side please note the word "SPORTSMANSHIP". Yes, they'll be losing most games, but they are certainly showing that they can "play the game", literally speaking. The Hurricanes will have no difficulty in keeping in step with South China to continue sharing top-spot in the ladies' division.

Early Promise

It will be Goodair versus Dayaram when the Comets and Seminoles clash, at the same time on the "A" field. Don't expect a pitching duel of a high standard. "No-Hitter" Goodair's early promise fizzled, like a wet firecracker as the season progressed while the Seminoles own their League leadership hot to be overtaken "ath" hurler Lal Dayaram, but to the Seminoles' superb hitting power and also to the Dodgers' who upset the Choyones last week. Dayaram pitches with confidence because he knows he has a real team behind him while the same cannot be said of Goodair. The Comets should keep the scoring against them to a reasonable figure. If they use the bunt strategy since Dayaram

WORLD CUP

England Holds A Better Chance Of Lifting The Trophy Than Ever Before

By ARCHIE QUICK

For the first time ever, all four Home countries are through to the Finals of the World Cup football competition to be played in Sweden this summer. By the same token, Italy are out for the first time, eliminated by the fighting Irishmen in Belfast.

There is one proviso: Wales have only to draw in their second leg match with Israel at Cardiff on February 5. If they failed to do so it would be a major sensation.

The sixteen countries through are West Germany (holders), Sweden (Russia), England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales (?), Yugoslavia, Hungary, Russia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, France, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Mexico.

Even in the rabid South American countries the Latins have installed England as favourites, although in Europe it is Brazil and Argentina who are feared. Russia, too, must come into the reckoning. But what about a surprise from Peter Doherty's Ulstermen? Even with the help of John Charles, Wales do not look good enough.

When the draw takes place at Stockholm early in February, Sir Stanley Rous, FA Secretary, will propose that each of the four Home countries be placed in each of the four separate sections. I really cannot see why we should expect this preferential treatment. Anyhow, it would reduce the odds of a Home country heading a section and getting through to the semi-finals.

Final Stages

It is notable that the continents of Africa and Asia are not represented in the final stages. Unless, of course, Israel gets through at Cardiff by better than 2-0!

The Irish defeat of Italy was marred by the sending off of an Italian 20 minutes from the end. It took some of the gilt off the gingerbread, but Ireland were undoubtedly the better team before the incident. Peter Doherty has worked together a great deal. New Mark Busby, who was the manager's post to do the same thing for Scotland. Walter Winterbottom cracks the whip for England and in the similar capacity for Wales is Jimmy Murphy - a strangely enough, Busby's assistant at Old Trafford, Manchester.

It is nevertheless true that England holds a better chance of lifting the trophy than ever before. The eleven almost chooses itself although it is incredible that players of the calibre of Ronnie Allan and Roy Bowyer, at West Bromwich, cannot find a place. It is possible to select a "shadow" team which would have an even chance to beat the "real" side. That is the sadistic of England's embarrassment of riches these days.

Biggest Curiosity

Perhaps the biggest curiosity in football today is that Legion Orin's centre forward, Tom Johnston has scored 30 goals in 27 matches. The burly, fair-haired Scot has netted in each of his last ten games, including three-four-three in his last four at home. Over half of his team's Cup and League total. What is so curious about it? Well, Tom admits to being thirty-one years of age, and he has been around a bit. With Scottish clubs, the Northern Section of the Third Division, and with Norwich City and Newport County in the South. His current form clearly shows that he has football ability, for Orin officials and players will tell you unanimously that Johnston makes goals as well as scoring them. He is not just a "poacher" - a Johnny-on-the-spot.

Why then was Tom not "discovered" two or three years ago? Norwich and Newport have obviously slipped up in not developing him and then letting him go for a song. It was a shrewd move by Manager Alec Stock to take him from Newport, although Mr. Billy Lane of Brighton had recognised Johnston's latent talent and was after him.

As for Johnston himself he says: "Perhaps it is because I am happy and have fitted in better than at other places." I somehow remember that the same Tom Johnston scored three brilliant goals not so long ago to remove Liverpool from the FA Cup competition.

Recent Triumphs

Mr. Leslie Gore, Orin acting manager, attributes a lot of Johnston's success to the wise passing of Welsh inside forward Phil Woosnam - not so long ago a Royal Artillery commissioned officer at Woolwich. "He should be an international," says Mr. Gore. But he quickly adds that Johnston's positioning, allied to the deadly accuracy of his shot, is the keynote of his recent triumphs. Former Spurs manager, Mr. Arthur Rowe, says that Johnston and Woosnam have completely altered Leyton's style. Johnston's style has happened to this club on the field of play for the better," is Mr. Rowe's opinion.

Johnston, with 16 matches to play, can now challenge "Dixie" Dean's League record of 60 goals for Everton in 1927-28, and seems certain to surpass Ipswich's Ted Phillips' post-war record of 47 goals last season. Commenting on these statistics, Johnston very wisely said: "I shall not be able to do either without the help of the other lads in the team. And somehow I feel that the luck cannot last for another three months. I have a feeling the ball will start running against me soon."

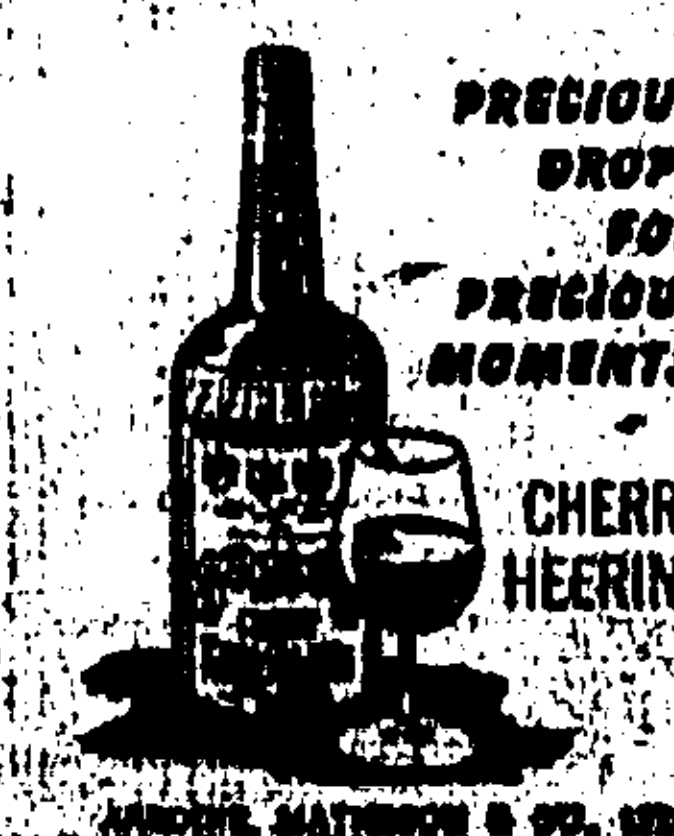


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SPORTS QUIZ

- Which tennis player has reached the Wimbledon men's singles final three times since the war?
- When and where were the second modern Olympic Games held?
- Which horse won the Grand National in two successive years?
- Who won the world heavyweight title by knocking out Jack Johnson?
- Which world famous swimmer died in an attempt to swim the rapids beneath Niagara Falls?
- In which country do cricketers compete for the "Sheffield Shield"?
- Which famous Hollywood film actress once won the United States national 100-metre free-style championship?
- Which game was invented by the Canadian, Dr. James Neilsen?
- Who captained England's first test team after the 1939-45 war and which country did they play against?
- What's the name? "Born at Tonyandy, known as the Mighty Atom," won 800 battles out of 864... and the world fly-weight title.

(For answers see Page 17)



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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LEARN CHINESE FOLK LORE

IT WAS ON A FINE DAY in the Imperial Gardens of China nearly five thousand years ago. The Empress Si-li-shi walked among the flowers with her ladies.

There were not many days when the imperial court could go comfortably abroad, for in those days even emperors and empresses had only leaves and grasses and the skins of birds to wear as clothing. So the Empress Si-li-shi walked slowly in the warm sun, enjoying the morning and the flowers and birds and insects that made it beautiful.

Her palace happened to fall upon a mulberry tree near the path. "How beautiful!" exclaimed the Empress. "See, the tree is filled with silvery fruits that sway in the breeze."

She paused, her slanting oriental eyes growing round with astonishment. From one of the silvery fruits that she had thought were fruits

a shining butterfly had emerged. Another butterfly popped out, dried their gleaming wings in the sunshine and then flew away.

"I must see this curious thing," said the Empress to her ladies. "Bring me some of the small shining ovals."

The ovals were sleek and cool to the touch. Soon the Empress' fingers found a tiny projecting thread. Carefully she began to unwind the shining fibres and found them surprisingly strong. The web became a heap of shining filaments. The Empress wound the threads on the outstretched hands of her ladies until the 4,000 yards of silk that could be secured from the cocoon of a single silk worm filled those hands with beautiful fibres.

The Empress stared from the fibres to the leaves and bird skins that were her clothing. "If these 'fruits' of the mulberry



The Empress thought, "These fruits of the mulberry could be woven into a magnificent coat for the emperor."

could be woven into cloth," she said thoughtfully. She and her ladies experimented. When they were through the threads from the

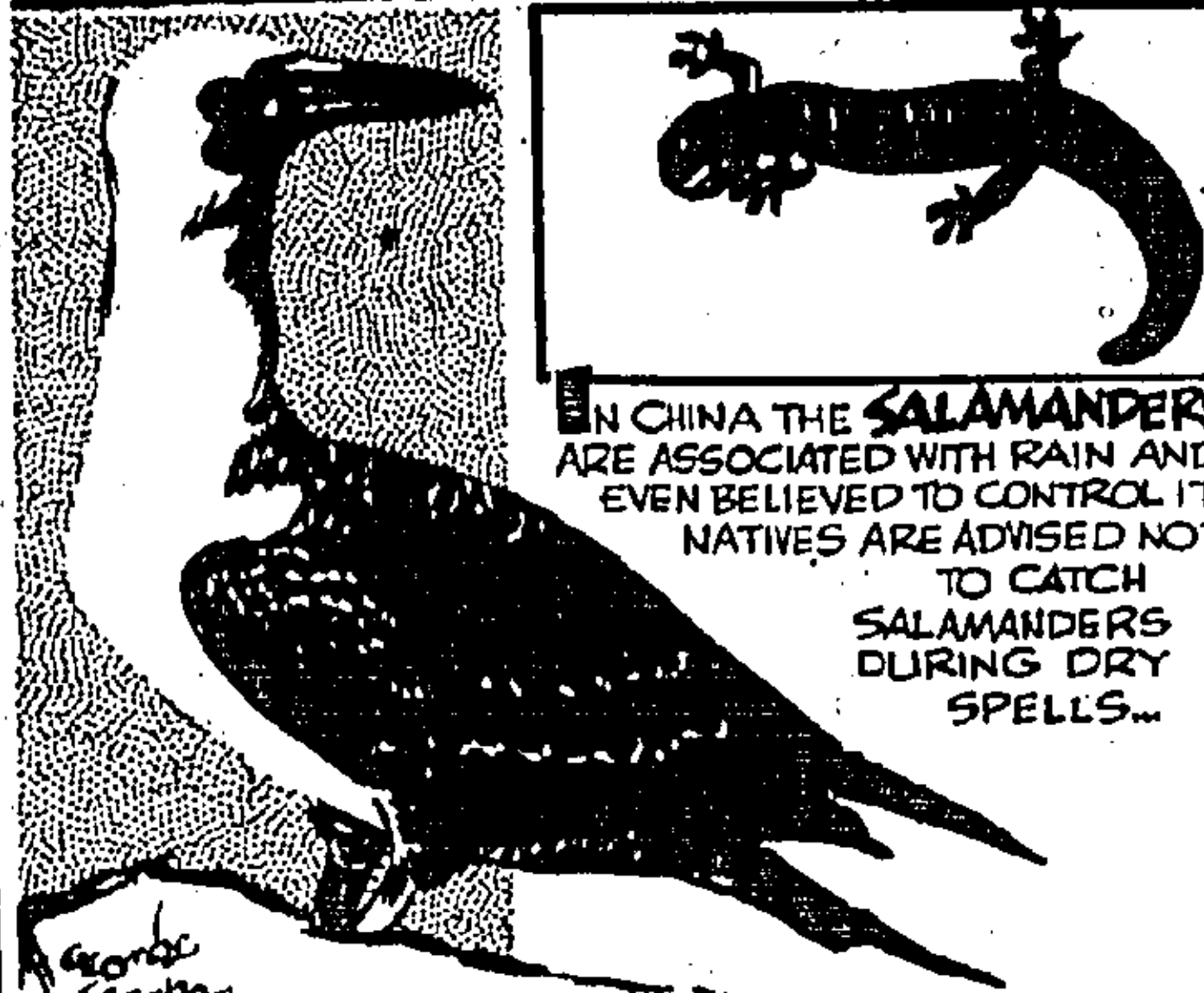
mulberry "fruit" had become a tiny bit of cloth.

Other ladies were set to work unwinding more of the "fruits." All the servants were set to work at weaving. Soon there was a length of a beautiful strong cloth that was worthy of clothing the Emperor himself. The first silk had been woven.

The Emperor Hwang-ti was impressed by the gift of cloth. It was made into a magnificent coat. Then he issued an imperial edict ordering the people to learn the art of silk spinning and weaving.

"Let enough be woven," he ordered, "so that the people shall have such clothing." Grateful to the Empress Si-li-shi who had first noticed the "fruits" of the mulberry, the Chinese named her "the Ancestress of the Thread" and gave her name to one of the stars in the sky.

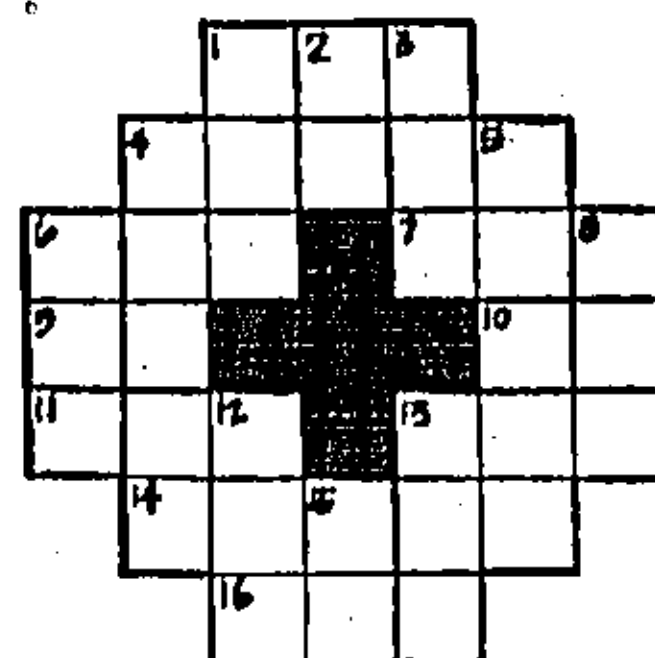
ZOO'S WHO



THE PERUVIAN BOOBY, A MEMBER OF THE GANNET FAMILY, IS A CLASSIC HIGH DIVER...FROM A HEIGHT OF FORTY OR FIFTY FEET THEY PLUNGE INTO THE WATER, DIVING TO GREAT DEPTHS TO GORGE ON FISH...

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



TRIANGLE

MORALE provides a base for the word triangle this time. The second word is an abbreviation for "company"; third is "nettle"; fourth "a girl's name"; and fifth "a sea skeleton." Can you finish the triangle?

MORALE
MORALE

"H" WORDS

ACROSS

- 1 Low fellow
- 2 Native of Rome
- 3 Feline animal
- 4 Encountered
- 5 Boy's nickname
- 6 Us
- 7 Writing tool
- 8 Body of water
- 9 Flower part
- 10 Baseball stick

DOWN

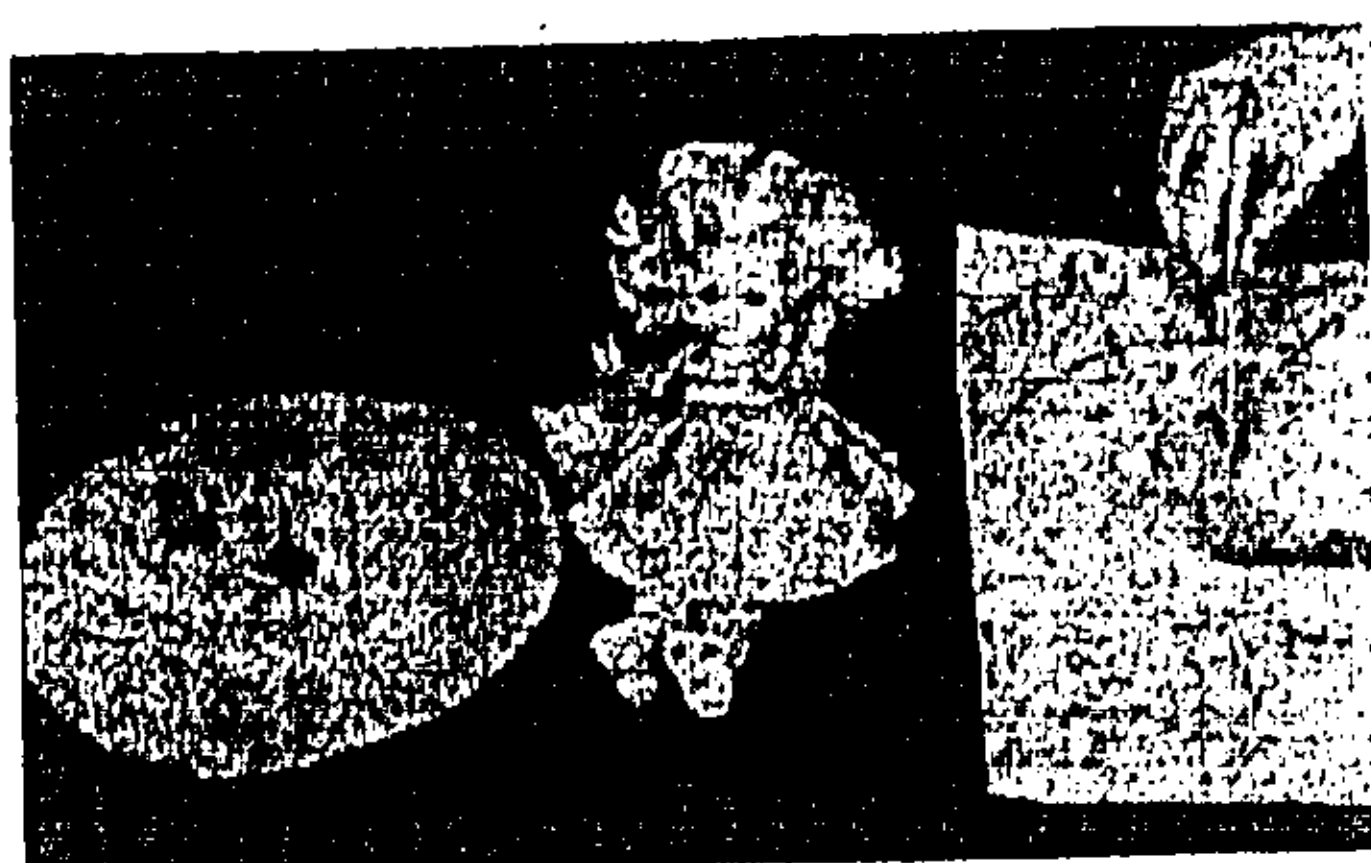
- 1 Folding bed
- 2 Morning (ab.)
- 3 River barrier
- 4 Chest rattles
- 5 Stair post
- 6 Hand covering
- 7 Beavers go
- 8 Pen point
- 9 Perched
- 10 Father

ADD AND SCRAMBLE

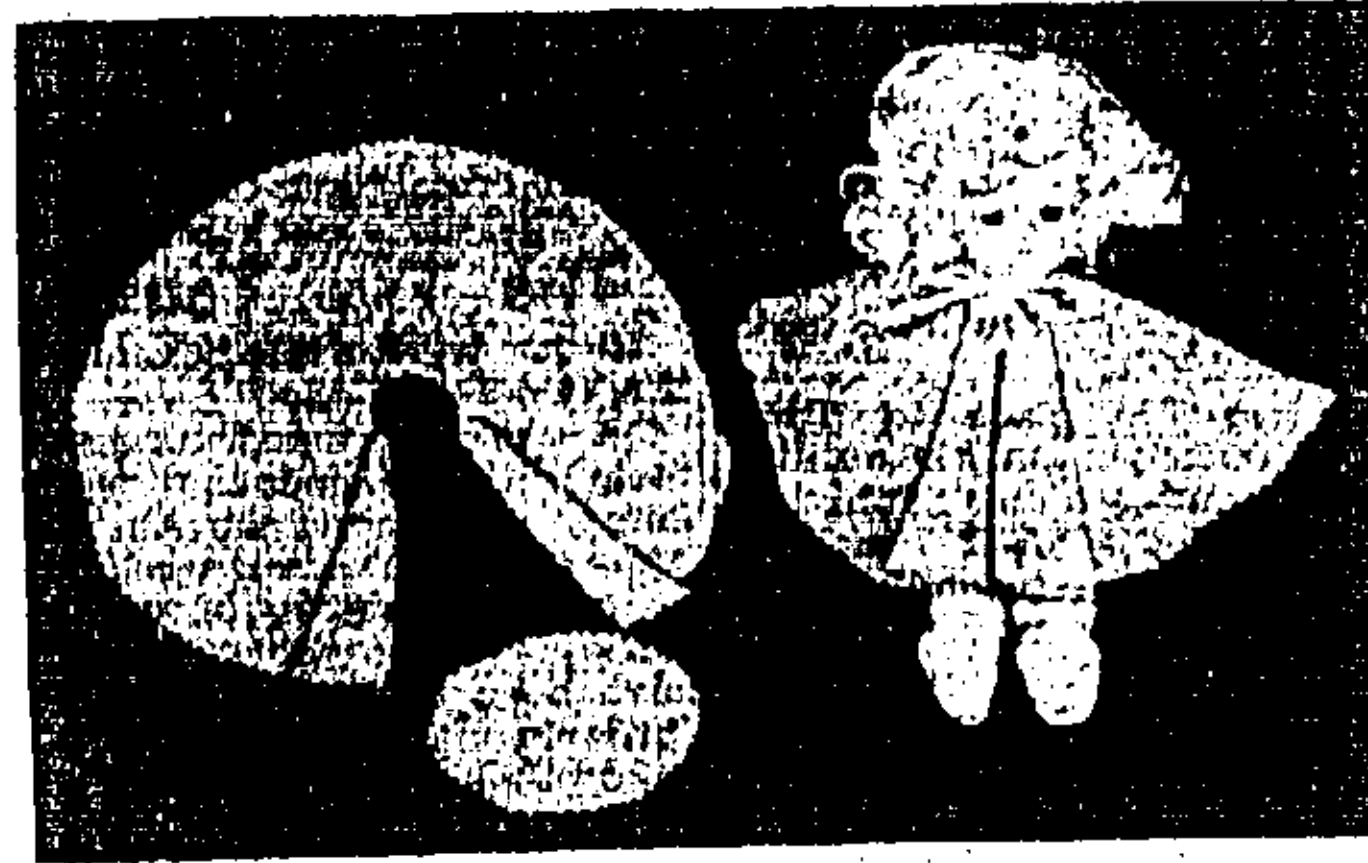
To "a high card" add a letter and have "a step." Add another letter and scramble for "an article," and once again for "a floor covering."

(Solutions on Page 19)

Doll's Clothes Easily Made



Measure from dolly's neck to knee, then use this length in a "sizing compass" and draw a circle on a piece of paper. Using this as a pattern, with pinkish shears cut dolly's dress out of any cloth. Cut a small neck out of exact center, make two short slits for over shoulders, then punch (with card punch) four holes. Slip it over dolly's head and slip one-quarter-inch ribbon through holes and make a tie on each shoulder. Then arrange the gathers and tie another satin ribbon around for a belt, making a bow at the back.



Make the coat like the dress, except an inch or so longer, and press back two front lapels after stitching up the front. Put it on dolly with three little gold safety pins. Measure over dolly's hair for the hat size, cut a circle as large as is wanted and punch two holes at edge of hat crown. Run the wider ribbon through the holes from underneath and over the top of the hat, leaving a brim from the holes to the edge. Tie under the chin.

GENERAL TIN'S BIRTHDAY

—He Thought The Lady He Loved Had Forgotten—

By MAX TRELL

GENERAL Tin, the Tin Soldier, was standing guard in the Playroom with his musket over his shoulder when Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, burst into the room.

"General Tin!" cried Knarf. "Do you know what day it is today?"

"It's Thursday," said General Tin.

"Not it's your birthday!" said Knarf.

"Sh-s-s-s!" said General Tin. "Not so loud, please."

General Tin had hardly finished saying this when Knarf's sister, Hanid, dashed into the room through another door. She threw her arms around General Tin.

"Happy Birthday, General Tin! Happy Birthday to you!"

"Sh-s-s!" said General Tin.

Behind The Bookcase

Then Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Indian, and Baron Munch who lived behind the bookcase, all came into the room.

They ran right up to General Tin, shouting "Congratulations, old boy! Happy birthday, General! Congratulations, Sir!"

"Sh-s-s-s!" said General Tin to all of them.

By this time, everybody in the room was asking General Tin in a puzzled voice why he was sh-sh-shushing them.

General Tin lowered his voice as he pointed toward the doll house on the other side of the room under the sunny window. "I don't want her to know," he said.

Everyone understood that by "her" General Tin meant Miss Gloria Doll.

General Tin was very much in love with Gloria. One day he was going to marry her.

She Has Forgotten

"She's forgotten all about my birthday," General Tin went on in his low voice, "and I don't want to remind her. If she finds out today, she'll want to prepare a birthday party for me. It's much too late for her to go through all that trouble."

"But General Tin, dear," said Hanid. "I'm sure Gloria would like to be reminded that today is your birthday. She'll be very disappointed when she finds out tomorrow."

"All right," said General Tin at length, "you can hint to her." "Hint? What's that?" Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, asked General Tin.

"To hint," said General Tin, "is to tell somebody something without telling him anything. I mean it's like making them guess."

So while General Tin went back to guarding the playroom door with his musket over his shoulder, the rest of his friends went around to the other side of the doll house to see what they could do about hinting to Gloria Doll that today was General Tin's birthday.

They found Gloria standing in the doorway of her kitchen. She was wearing an apron and her arms were covered with flowers.

They Looked Excited

"Good morning," she greeted them. "You all look excited. Have you some news for me?"

"Oh it's nothing," Knarf began. "We were just thinking about General Tin. We thought we'd buy him a present."

"Not for his birthday or anything," Teddy put in hastily. "Just a little present," said Hanid, "because . . . because . . ."

"Because we love him so much," said Baron Munch.

"Oh, of course, not for his birthday," Gloria said. "It isn't his birthday today, is it?"



Gloria put candles on the General's birthday cake.

Gloria suddenly burst out laughing. She invited everyone inside her kitchen. There on the table, fresh from the oven, was a big creamy birthday cake.

"Forget it was General Tin's birthday! I should say not!" she exclaimed. "We're going to give him a surprise party. Everyone is invited. Forget General Tin's birthday!"

"Dear, dear! I'd forgot my own birthday! I'd forgot his! And how you did hint to me. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

It was a wonderful surprise birthday party and it really was a surprise for General Tin.

It really would have hurt his feelings if Gloria had forgotten that it was his birthday. He loved her very much and one day, as I mentioned before, he meant to marry her.

Her Slippers Weren't Glass

DID YOU KNOW that Cinderella's slippers were really made of velvet or soft fur? They weren't glass at all. You see, the story of Cinderella is very, very old. In the days when it was written, ladies wore slippers of soft fabric, so naturally the author had his heroine, Cinderella, wear slippers of the same sort as other ladies and princesses were wearing.

When the story was translated from the French into English, the person who translated

it made a little mistake that gave us Cinderella's lovely glass slipper.

He mistook the French word "vair," meaning fine, soft fur, for the French word "verre," meaning glass.

That's how the famous glass slipper came into our lives. I'm rather glad the mistake was made, aren't you? Surely anyone might wear a fur or velvet slipper, but only a princess could wear a glass slipper. Cinderella without her tiny glass slipper wouldn't be Cinderella!

Once when Abraham Lincoln was president, a delegation called upon him and asked him to appoint a certain man as commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They stated his merits and also added that he was in poor health and needed the job in that climate. To this, Lincoln replied: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that job and they are all sicker than your man."

Rupert and the Thinking Cap—40



In spite of his pride in his little Gregory he still rather doted on Rupert. He was a little bit of a fuss over him and he was a little bit of a fuss over him. "Gregory won't be long. He was late."

Just behind me and why look there? And, sure enough, the head of the little guinea-pig appears, bobbing along past the sill and peering through the window. "But is that Gregory?" she asks. "How has he grown so tall?"

The Bow and Arrow Shaped History

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD was in flower, archery was as much a necessity as food and drink. In fact, the tales of Robin Hood prove that archery produced most of the meat which made up a large part of the food then in use.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, English archers proved what frightful damage they could do with "arrow flights that darkened the sky." Perhaps their greatest victory was the one at Crecy in 1346 when about 5,000 archers poured 42,000 shafts a minute into

the French, piercing armour, bringing down horses and riders to be trampled by other horses maddened by their wounds.

At Poitiers and Agincourt, during the Hundred Years War and the Wars of the Roses, the longbow was the power which made the infantry a force to be reckoned with everywhere.

After the invention of guns, archery declined although archers could still get far deadlier results than any achieved by those first weapons which made up in noise what they lacked in accuracy and literally scared enemies into flight.

At present, archery is a wholesome sport that helps muscular co-ordination.

The first archery club, the United Bowmen, was organized in Philadelphia in 1838. In 1839, the National Field Archery Association was organized. It grew so rapidly that there was a membership of 4,500 when the first National Field Archery Tournament was held in August, seven years later.

When the city of Columbus, Neb., went out in its search for projects that would supply jobs and help in city development, Charles Saunders came up with one of his hobbies, making archery equipment. It provided a flourishing business for the town.

—By E. M. Marshall



A GIRL'S DREAM COMES TRUE



A DREAM CAME TRUE for Anna Lane, a 16-year-old farm girl. From the jeans which she ordinarily wears on her farm home near Delta, Ohio, she was transported, as it by magic, into the midst of a complete new wardrobe of feminine necessities and fineries. It was part of her prize for being picked 1957 Queen of the Furrows for the annual ploughing contest, this year held in Fostoria, Ohio. Anna won over 1,100 contestants. She flew to New York to appear on TV and presided over the week's festivities at the contest. But her

chief thrill was the armful of clothes. For some that she picked out the photos above. At the left is a dressy outfit with the new "French look." The box jacket has a knitted shawl collar and cuffs. The pinstriped shirt is faced at the bottom with black pleats. In the center picture she wears a plaid outfit and holds coat, dress and handbag. At right, she has chosen a dark charcoal grey slacks and a charcoal and white striped pullover jersey. A college-style blouse completes this leisure-time outfit.

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